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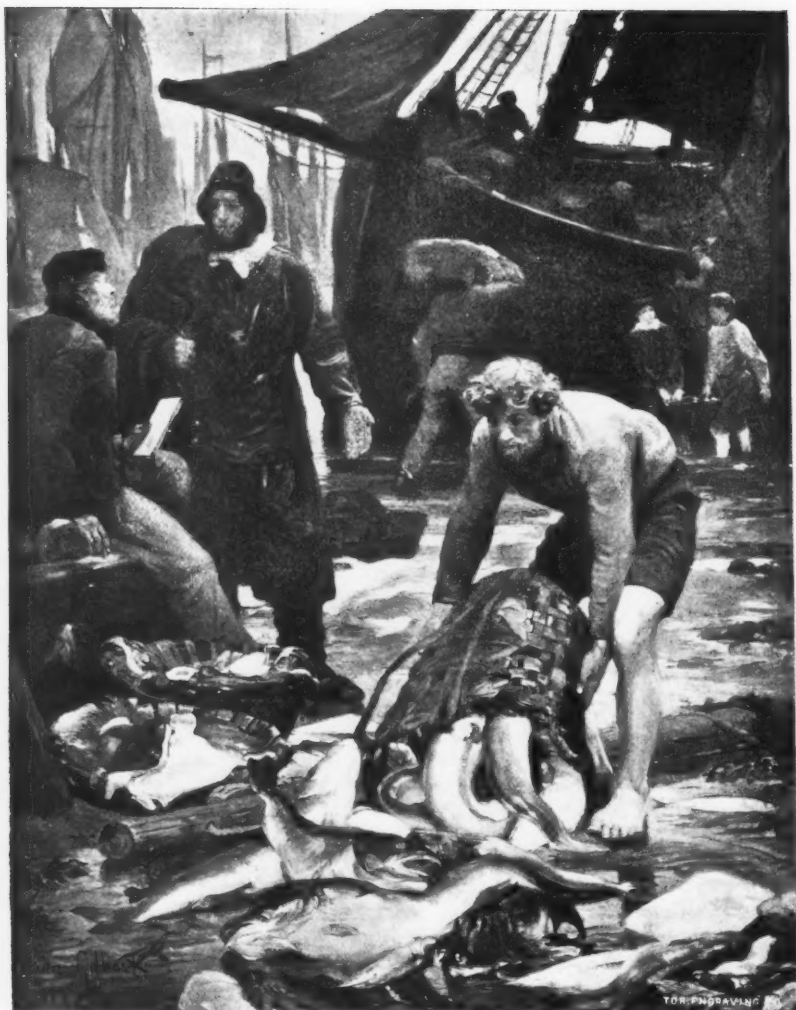
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FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

# RETOUR DE PÊCHE.

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII.

NOVEMBER, 1898.

No. 1.

## WHERE SUMMERS ARE LONG.

*A Comparison of Canadian and European Summers.*

PERHAPS no country suffers abroad from misconception in regard to its climate as does Canada. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's well meant but unfortunate allusion to the Dominion as "Our Lady of the Snows"—scarcely an appropriate one to a country where in east, west and south at almost any time in winter as large an area as England is bare of snow, and several times that area has but a scanty covering—is but a natural re-echo of the opinions which have been expressed during the centuries since the snowy gateway of the St. Lawrence was first entered by the French. Exaggerated ideas of the cold of Canada are continually being expressed in books and in leading periodicals, and often by generally well-informed men. A prominent member of The British Association, while sailing down Lake Ontario, referred to the scene he supposed the lake would present when *frozen over*. The late General Benjamin Butler, in an article in a leading American review not long ago, said that Canada could easily be invaded in winter by *crossing Lake Ontario on the ice*. A writer in a popular English magazine tells of the mercury being constantly below zero at Quebec for over four months every winter, whereas a period of two days when such is the case, even in that city, is uncommon. McCulloch's Commercial Dictionary of an old date refers to what are now our boundless wheat fields of the North-West as

"situated in an inhospitable climate, and worth very little, excepting as hunting grounds"—an opinion happily well dissipated at the present day. Some of the queer misstatements made are, to say the least, amusing. Sir Francis Bond Head, a former governor of Upper Canada, in a volume on the country, indulging in a little "romancing" about the climate, said, amongst other things, that often in writing his dispatches to the Home Government, in his warm offices in the Government House, Toronto, he has found the ink cease flowing, and on examination discovered a ball of frozen ink formed under his pen. Another writer on settlement in the mild Western peninsula of Ontario gravely tells of horses having to be cut out of the ice formed from the overflowing of the troughs at which they were being watered. And the *London Illustrated News*, on the occasion of Prince Arthur's visit to the lake region, comforts its English readers by the assurance that "Canada has plenty of bearskins and deerskins to clothe her own children and the Queen's son, too." Even the most serious and authoritative of publications make similar singular mistakes. Chambers' Encyclopædia, for example, in its article on North America, says that the basin of the St. Lawrence, *i.e.*, of the Great Lakes and the River, is, in winter, not only relatively, but absolutely, the coldest portion of the conti-

ment, its low level constituting a depression into which flows the cold, and, therefore, heavy air of the interior of the continent. Unfortunately for this theory the basin is in general much milder on the same parallels of latitude than the Mississippi Valley. And notwithstanding that December, January and February have been known to pass with the water constantly lapping the innermost wharfs of Toronto Bay, "Encyclopædia Britannica," in a tabular statement, unable to conceive the final opening of navigation in the harbour occurring one year so early as January, sets down the opening as taking place in June! It is refreshing to turn from these arctic pictures to the impressions of America given in one of the great London monthly reviews by an Englishman who at St. Paul is assured that the date palm flourishes in the Red River Valley in northern Minnesota, so very close to Manitoba, as that former gateway to our prairies, St. Vincent. These wrong ideas prevalent as to the Canadian climate have been exceedingly detrimental to the country, and probably have done more to retard immigration, especially of well-to-do agriculturists, than all other causes combined.

Many Canadians, too, influenced by foreign misconceptions so often expressed, underrate the relative merits of our seasons when compared with those of northern and central Europe. This wrong impression of the comparative length of the summer is aided by the fact that in the most thickly-inhabited portions of old Canada, such as southern and eastern Ontario, fall wheat harvest is generally over in July, and all cereals, excepting maize, are garnered but little if any later. Partly, too, the very considerable and sensible difference in temperature between May and June, and between August and September aids this error, though May in several Canadian localities is as warm as the English June.

Then, too, both at home and abroad, the impression made by a cursory glance at the maps of the two hemispheres tends to the disadvantage of

Canada. The Gulf of Mexico, in the minds of most, is associated with the latitudes of the Mediterranean. New Orleans is contemplated as being in about the same latitude as Marseilles or Nice, and Algiers and Morocco as Cuba. The general absence in North America, through occasional severe winter frosts extending as far south as the Gulf of Mexico, of certain characteristic trees of southern latitudes further confirms this impression. Hence we have "Far north Canada," and hence, too, even southern Ontario is mentally removed far up into the latitudes of north Germany and the south of England, and prejudged adversely whenever the length and generous warmth of its summers are thought of in relation to those of France, Austria, South Germany, and even of countries somewhat further north.

A little readjustment of mental impressions in regard to relative latitudes will do much to correct ideas in regard to our summer seasons, and also in regard to our winters, though it is always to be borne in mind that our position on the eastern side of a continent makes our winters colder than those of the west of Europe in the same latitudes, just as the winters of China, Korea and Japan and the east of Asia generally are colder than those of similar latitudes on the Pacific coast of North America.

The Mediterranean, where it laves the delta of the Nile, is further north than New Orleans, while the same south shore of that sea curving past Tunis is as far north as southern Illinois, and only 250 geographical miles further south than Pelee, in Ontario. The northern part of the Mediterranean is largely in the region of the Great St. Lawrence lakes; its most northern shore, in the Adriatic, corresponds in latitude with the north shore of Lake Huron, leaving Lake Superior the only one of the great lakes wholly north of the Mediterranean. Lake Erie in latitude corresponds with the Mediterranean off Barcelona, in Spain, and reaches south to within a few miles of the latitude of the north coast of the Ægean.

Lake Ontario has the latitudes of the Gulfs of Lyons and Genoa washing the south coast of France and the neighbouring coast of Italy.

Lake Huron's southernmost parallel is that of the north point of Corsica. The Adriatic nearly corresponds in latitude, general direction and shape with Lake Michigan. Canadian Pelee, in Lake Erie, is a little further south than Rome and lies in the same latitude as Braganza, Portugal; Valladolid and Saragossa, Spain; Ajaccio, Corsica; Adrianople, Turkey; and Mount Olfar, Asia Minor. Further north than the southernmost land in Canada (lat.  $41^{\circ} 42'$ ) lies the whole of France and Austria-Hungary (including Dalmatia), three-fifths of Italy, and all of Turkey-in-Europe (with its Danubian valley) excepting Illyria, southern Macedonia and southern Thrace. Greece is the only country in Europe wholly south of Canada.

London, western Ontario, has the latitude of the Pyrenees, and of Vittoria and Pampeluna, Spain; Hamilton, that of Corunna and Bilboa, in Spain, and Perugia, in central Italy. An east and west line through Toronto passes through the sea slopes of Asturias, Spain, and through Toulouse, in the south of France, and leaves the far-famed Nice and Florence a few miles on its northern side. Ottawa and Montreal correspond in latitude with Milan and Venice, and are further south than Lyons. Ontarians regard Lake Nipissing as "away up north," but its latitude is that of Poitiers, central France, and of the Lake of Geneva. Lake Temiscamingue on the Upper Ottawa, and Lake Constance, Switzerland, and Buda-Pesth, the capital of Hungary, are in the same latitude. Quebec represents almost exactly the central latitude of France and the northern verge of Italy, though in winter clad with a thick mantle of snow. Victoria, British Columbia, Port Arthur, on Lake Superior, and Chicoutimi, on Lake St. John, at the head of the Saguenay, have the latitude of Brest, and leave Paris further north, and within fourteen miles of the

49th parallel, the southern boundary of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories. Prague, Bohemia, is a few miles further north than Winnipeg, and Brussels, the capital of Belgium, a similar distance north of Regina. The latitudes of sunny France do not fail at Calais and Dunkerque until, going north in Canada, Calgary, on the slopes of the Rockies, in the west, and in the east, Moose Fort on the tidal waters of James' Bay, are reached. London is fifteen miles further north than Moose Fort. Berlin is exactly as far north as Fort Albany at the northern extremity of Ontario. Battleford corresponds very nearly with Berlin and Leicester in latitude, Edmonton with Dublin, Port Simpson, B.C., with Belfast, and Dunvegan, on the Peace River, with Edinburgh.

As a whole, Ontario lies in the same latitude as France and Austria-Hungary, extending a little more to both north and south than either. These European countries cover the latitudes between Lake St. Clair and James' Bay. Switzerland lies in the Lakes Nipissing and Temiscamingue latitudes, Germany in those between Temiscamingue and York Factory, Hudson Bay. The Saskatchewan Valley, Manitoba, and the southern and central part of British Columbia are in the latitudes of central and northern Germany. Great Britain stretches over all the parallels of British Columbia, from the latitude of Kamloops and Winnipeg northward. The St. Lawrence basin in Quebec, New Brunswick, and northern Nova Scotia, are in the latitudes of central and northern France.

The position of much of Canada in the most favoured latitudes of Europe might well create a presumption that at least its more southerly portions possess a comparatively genial climate. This presumption is well sustained by the examination of the records of both the western and eastern parts of the Dominion. Even allowing for the well-known fact that the eastern side of every continent or large island in the temperate zone is colder in winter than the western, the narrowness of

America, compared with the eastern continent, and the existence of the great lakes as a check on the drift of cold from the interior, makes the St. Lawrence region generally much milder in winter than Chinese territory in the same latitudes. A discussion of the marvellous variety of climates, which, not only the Dominion, but several of its provinces, especially Ontario and British Columbia, and, within these, even very limited districts, present, tempting and interesting as it would be, is impracticable within the space of this article. Enough may, however, be shown to prove that in at least a very important portion of Canada, embracing a population of millions, the climate possesses great and substantial merits, even though these are little known and appreciated abroad.

The Canadian area here selected for comparison is that between Lake Erie in the south and Lake Temiscamingue in the north, and from Montreal and the Lower Ottawa Valley in the north-east to Lakes Huron and St. Clair in the west and south-west. From north to south it measures about 450 miles and nearly 600 from north-east to south-west. Though many thousands of square miles of its surface are yet virgin forest, it includes all but a few score thousand of the people of Ontario, and has a population of about 3,000,000, or half the population of Canada. Though including the neighbourhood of Montreal and a strip along the Quebec side of the Ottawa, it lies almost wholly in Ontario, and may for climatic comparisons be designated south-eastern Ontario, as one of the regions—south-eastern, north-eastern and western—into which the irregularly triangular province is naturally divided. In the elevation of its meteorological stations above the sea it ranges from nearly 200 feet at Montreal to about 600 feet around Lakes Erie and Huron, 800 to 1,200 in the Muskoka and northern inland districts, and to about 1,600 on the high interior sloping from Lakes Huron and Erie to a culmination on the uplands south of the Georgian Bay.

The comparisons made with Europe

are in regard to the average length and heat of summer, a matter of very practical importance in the comfort of the population, and especially in regard to agricultural capability. The mean temperatures given are mostly derived from records of the Canadian and European Meteorological Services, and are for periods of fifteen years or more.

For comparing the duration of summer heat, it is not easy to choose, to the satisfaction of all, a standard of monthly mean temperature lower than which no month may average, and yet be regarded as a summer month. Lord Byron once, ill-naturedly perhaps, remarked that England was a country without a summer, but his remark would apply with equal truth to the British Columbian coast and San Francisco, and a long stretch of coast near the Golden Gate. A British standard seems for obvious reasons to be appropriate for comparisons of British seasons with Canadian, and as Englishmen, Irish or Scotch would resent the suggestion that the June of their respective countries is not a summer month, the June of a south of Scotland town, Lanark, may by way of compromise be selected as a standard. The mean temperature of June at Lanark is 54°. The town is inland and about 600 feet above the sea, or about the same as the Huron and Erie coasts.

The following mean monthly temperatures for the five warmest months at British stations are fairly representative of the climate of Great Britain.\*

Scotland.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.
Lanark.....	48°	54	57	56	52°
Aberdeen.....	49	54	56	57	53
Edinburgh.....	49	55	58	58	53
Braemar.....	46	52	55	54	50
<i>Ireland.</i>					
Armagh.....	50	56	58	58	54
Belfast.....	51	57	59	59	54
Dublin.....	51	56	59	60	55
Waterford.....	51	57	60	60	55
<i>England.</i>					
Carlisle.....	51	57	60	59	55
Cheadle.....	49	55	59	58	54
Leeds.....	52	58	62	61	56
Leicester.....	51	58	61	61	56
Oxford.....	53	59	62	62	57
London.....	53	58	62	63	59
Dartmoor.....	47	52	56	56	52
Brighton.....	53	59	63	63	59
Exeter.....	53	59	63	63	58

\*Cheadle, in the middle latitudes of England, is about the same elevation as Port Dover on Lake Erie. Braemar is a little lower than Stratford or Guelph in Ontario, and Dartmoor slightly higher. The other stations are comparatively little above sea level.



The following are mean monthly temperatures of places in Quebec and Ontario.

	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.
Montreal.....	55	64	69	67	59
Rockliffe.....	54	61	65	61	56
Pembroke.....	54	64	69	67	58
Ottawa.....	55	65	70	65	60
Cornwall.....	55	65	69	67	59
Parry Sound.....	51	62	66	63	57
Gravenhurst.....	51	64	66	63	57
Peterboro.....	58	66	70	68	59
Kingston.....	53	63	68	67	61
Goderich.....	54	66	69	68	61
Durham.....	54	65	68	66	58
Stratford.....	55	63	68	65	58
Woodstock.....	54	65	68	65	59
Toronto.....	52	62	68	66	59
Hamilton.....	56	66	72	71	62
Stony Creek.....	55	67	70	69	61
Brantford.....	55	66	68	67	61
London.....	56	66	70	67	60
Dover.....	54	66	69	68	61
Simcoe.....	57	66	72	69	61
Windsor.....	59	68	73	71	64
Pelee.....	58	69	76	73	66

These figures scarcely require comment. Of the five warmer months, only May and September are as warm in the most southern localities in England as in the coolest Ontario localities south of Lake Nipissing. May in the Ontario region is almost everywhere warmer than the Lanark June, and in Essex, one of the Lake Erie counties, than July in Lanark and Edinburgh. September in much of settled Ontario is warmer than July in Scotland or Ireland, and in the warmest localities than July in London. The three midsummer months south of the Laurentians are warmer—much warmer—everywhere than in Britain; the excess in July over London is eight degrees at Ottawa in the north-east, and 14 degrees at Pelee in the south-west.

Both in duration and heat the summers of the Ontario region, therefore, surpass those of Britain. By the minimum standard of a south of Scotland June, Ontario southward from Lake Nipissing and the Upper Ottawa has very generally five months of summer heat to three in Scotland and four in Ireland and England. By the standard of an English Midland June (Leicester's, 58°) or an Edinburgh July, almost the whole Ontario region has four summer months against one or two in Ireland, Scotland and part of England, and even by the standard of a Leicester July (61°) much of Ontario has four months to none in Ireland or Scotland. If an average south-eastern Ontario

June (64°) be selected as the minimum standard of a summer month, no part of Great Britain can be said to have summer at all.

To find parallels to the summers of Ontario, we must go south of the English Channel. All these summers are represented in France and Austro-Hungary; and the cooler ones also in Switzerland and Germany. The following are mean temperatures for places in these countries. The French meteorological stations are arranged according to latitude, proceeding southward:—

France.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.
Arras.....	55	61	64	65	57
Paris.....	55	61	66	65	59
Lamballe.....	54	59	62	63	59
Brest.....	55	60	64	63	61
Epinal.....	55	62	66	64	58
Mirecourt.....	55	62	65	65	59
Orleans.....	58	64	69	67	61
Nantes.....	57	61	66	65	60
Poitiers.....	57	62	66	65	61
Bourges.....	57	64	68	67	61
Limoges.....	57	62	67	66	59
Lyons.....	59	66	71	69	61
Grenoble.....	58	64	69	68	61
Albi.....	60	65	72	71	65
Nice.....	61	69	74	73	68
Toulouse.....	59	65	71	70	64
Montpellier.....	62	68	74	74	68
Lescar.....	58	65	68	67	63
Marseilles.....	61	68	72	72	66
Foix.....	56	62	67	67	60
<i>Switzerland.</i>					
Geneva.....	55	62	67	65	51
Berne.....	53	60	65	63	57
<i>Austro-Hungary.</i>					
Hermannstadt.....	57	64	67	66	58
Klagenfurt.....	56	63	67	64	57
Gratz.....	59	64	68	66	59
Salzburg.....	54	62	65	63	57
Buda Pesth.....	59	67	71	69	61
Erlau.....	59	67	71	68	59
Vienna.....	57	64	69	66	59
Prague.....	55	63	67	66	59
Cracow.....	53	62	66	63	57
<i>Germany.</i>					
Munich.....	52	59	64	62	55
Bayreuth.....	52	60	63	61	54
Berlin.....	55	63	67	64	59
Hamburg.....	52	60	63	62	57

Comparisons of these European mean temperatures with those of Ontario may surprise the reader, showing, as they do, that Canada has climates which are as warm in summer as many parts of the south of France, and summers as long as in the central departments of that country.

Haileybury, in the Lakes Nipissing-Temiscamingue region, has a mean of about 63° for the three mid-summer months, and 59° for the five warmest. The latter mean is higher than that of Munich or Bayreuth, and the former than that of London or of L'Orient,



and about the same as that of Berne and Brest ( $62^{\circ}.7$ ).

Parry Sound,  $64^{\circ}$  and  $60^{\circ}$  for the two periods respectively, is as warm in the mid-summer months as Paris, and for the longer period as Epinal, in the famous Moselle Valley, or as Zurich or Salzburg. Gravenhurst, on Muskoka lake, one degree warmer than Parry Sound in both periods, corresponds very nearly, in summer heat and duration, with Geneva on Lake Lemane and Basel on Lake Constance.

Ottawa and Vienna, (about  $66^{\circ}.6$  and  $63^{\circ}$ ), Montreal and Besancon, about ( $66^{\circ}.6$  and  $62^{\circ}.5$ ), Orleans in the Loire Valley, and Grenoble in south-eastern France, correspond very closely in the mean summer heat for either three or five months, and have the summer climate of very many of the Ontario counties.

Peterborough, in the eastern midlands of Ontario and further north than Toronto, has a higher temperature ( $68^{\circ}$  and  $64^{\circ}$ ), differing but very little from that of Lyons on the Rhone, Toulouse near the Mediterranean, or Lisbon, Portugal, for the three mid-summer months, and being a little higher for both three and five months than Belluno, in north-eastern Italy.

Toronto is cooled in summer, especially in May and June, by the deep lake to the south, but the mean of a 15-year period of observation in the two cities shows it to be over 2 degrees warmer than Paris in the three mid-summer months, and over one degree warmer for the five warmer months of the year. It nearly corresponds in summer heat with Nancy, Poitiers, Limoges, and Foix, scattered from north-eastern France to the base of the Pyrenees.

Hamilton may be considered hot in summer. It is as warm in September as Toulouse, and warmer in June, July and August. Its July ( $72^{\circ}$ ) is as warm as that of Marseilles, and only two degrees cooler than that of Jerusalem, and five cooler than that of Alexandria, Egypt. The mean temperature for the five warmest months ( $65^{\circ}.4$ ) is that of Toulouse and Lyons; the mean of June, July and August ( $69^{\circ}.6$ ) is

about that of Albi, southern France, and Como, Italy, and falls short only one degree of that of Marseilles. Hamilton's summer fairly represents the summers of the famous Niagara peach district.

London, in the West Midland counties, averages  $67^{\circ}.5$  for the three mid-summer months and  $63^{\circ}.7$  for the five months of summer. It is warmer than Vienna, and while the same for the five warmer months as Grenoble, about 100 feet lower in elevation above the sea, is a degree warmer for the mid-summer trio.

Foix, in the extreme south of France, and in the same latitude as London, Ont., and Durham, 80 miles further north in latitude, are, respectively, about 1,400 and probably about 1,500 feet above sea level. The mean temperature for the June, July and August period is  $65^{\circ}.2$  at Foix and  $65^{\circ}.7$  at Durham, while for the five warmer months of the year the means are, respectively,  $62^{\circ}.4$  and  $61^{\circ}.6$ . Durham, it is worthy of notice, is warmer for latitude and elevation than one place in France.

Windsor (lat.  $42^{\circ} 19'$ ), at the north-western angle of Essex county, which lies in latitude  $41^{\circ} 42'$  to  $42^{\circ} 20'$ , between the shallow, readily-heated west end of Lake Erie and the equally shallow St. Clair. It is further south than any point in France. Its mean temperature for the five warmest months of the year ( $67^{\circ}$ ) is that of Albi (70 miles from the Mediterranean and at the same elevation above the sea—600 ft.—as Windsor), and is half a degree higher than that of Lisbon, Portugal, and not half a degree lower than that of Marseilles. For the three mid-summer months its mean ( $70^{\circ}.7$ ) is that of Marseilles; for July it is half a degree higher than that French city, which, though a degree of latitude farther north, is hundreds of feet lower in elevation.

Pelee Island, the southernmost township of Canada, may be said to have for six months of the year the heat of southern France; for May there is as warm as at Grenoble, and October

(54°.1) as at Albi, or as at Perugia, in southern Italy. October is warmer in Pelee than June in Lanark, Scotland, and May than Lanark in July, September than July in London, Berne or Brest, and June than July in Vienna, and August than July in Marseilles. Pelee in July (75°.7) is warmer than Marseilles (72°), Nice and Turin (73°.8), Constantinople (73°.9), Jerusalem (74°.1), and Tangier, Morocco (74°.8); not one degree cooler than Naples (76°.5), Rome and Algiers (76°.6), not two degrees than Alexandria (77°.5), nor five degrees than Bombay (80°.8), and is only about seven degrees cooler than Calcutta (82°.8)\*. It has the same mean temperature in July as Modena, Italy, and Kandy, Ceylon. Pelee is as warm as Marseilles in September, but is warmer in June, July and August. Its June is that of Nice, but Pelee is hotter there also in July and August. The mean of Pelee for the five warmest months of the year is 68°.1, which is higher than that of Marseilles (67°.8), and a little lower than that of Nice (68°.8). For the three mid-summer months the mean temperature of Pelee (72°.5) is higher than that of Marseilles (70°.7), Turin (71°.4), or Nice (71°.7), and is about the same as that of Constantinople (72°.6).

It is France, probably more than any other country in Europe, that the agriculturally-occupied portion of Ontario resembles in summer heat. A longer summer season than much of the Ontario region has is, in France, to be found almost wholly in the south, and there only at comparatively low elevation above sea level. The resemblances are not merely in the mean heat and duration of summer, but also, generally, in the daily and seasonal ranges of temperature, the degree of variability of weather from day to day, or week to week, the large amount of brilliant sunshine, and very largely, too, in

rainfall, and its distribution in short but tropical downpours, accompanied generally by heavy thunder and lightning. The average daily range of the thermometer in both countries varies much in localities; in some places, especially inland, exceeding 25 degrees; in others, along the coasts, being below 20, or even 15 degrees. The average daily maximum in July in the Ontario region varies from about 78°, as at Toronto, to 85° as at Hamilton, and this in large measure irrespective of latitude. The average monthly maximum for the five warmest months, in many places, exceeds 90°; the seasonal maximum at Toronto is 91°, at Hamilton 97°, and in the Ottawa Valley it is about 95°, or about the same as in the valley of the Rhone. Occasionally, 90° is exceeded in April and even in October, and all the intervening summer months have exceeded, at times, 100° in the shade. The highest registered at Hamilton is 106°, which is higher than is reached at New Orleans. Intensely hot weather rarely lasts more than a few days at a time; though, occasionally, it is prolonged for weeks. Nor are very warm nights common in the cooler lake borders. Even in the warmest localities during the hottest weather the mercury rarely fails to fall to 75° before sunrise.

The rainfall on the Mediterranean coast is much lighter in summer than in Ontario. Elsewhere, inland, on ordinary elevations above the sea, it is about the same as in Ontario. Ontario has no mistrals, chilly mountain winds, or siroccos; and strong gales are rare before September or October, and in the midsummer months chilly winds are very rare, and in most years are unknown. Tornados are rare, and are not so destructive as in the Mississippi Valley. Liability to summer frosts varies greatly; at Pelee the continuous exemption covers seven months. Generally they are less frequent than in most of England, and occur as rarely as in inland Northern and Central France. Drought is as in France; sometimes the meadows of Ontario are parched by drought and heat till they become yel-

\* The following are North American mean temperatures for July, obtained from varying periods of years: San Francisco, 58°.1; San Diego, 67° and Los Angeles, Cal., 68°.5; Sandusky, 72°.1; Toledo, Ohio, 74°.4; New York, 73°.6; Philadelphia, 76°.1; Washington, 78°.7; Pittsburg, 74°.6; St. Louis, 79°.6; Chicago, 72°.2; Bermuda, 78°.7; New Orleans, 82°.6; Havana, 83°.7.

low as a puma's skin, but failure of crops from this cause has not been known within sixty years. The pleasantness of the season is greatly enhanced by the brilliant sunshine experienced day after day for weeks together, and the glorious skies and sunsets—beautiful in variety of tint and cloud-form—which have been justly regarded as equal to those of Italy.

With its long, France-like summers, Ontario grows luxuriantly many of the vegetables associated in the British mind with the warmer climates of the world. The egg-plant yields well almost everywhere; the pea-nut grows; cotton without special fertilizers has been grown in Pelee for many years; the sweet potato grows in very many counties, and reaches a weight of several pounds; while the watermelon flourishes as in the tropics, and the tomato, as a great field crop, is a not inconsiderable source of revenue to farmers. The tomato grows on the highest lands of the province. Sorghum is a successful crop. Maize, which is grown on 200,000 acres, and in every county, gives a higher average yield per acre than any western or southern state of the American Union, excepting Missouri. It and the tomato flourish luxuriantly at elevations above sea level which in Britain would not allow wheat to ripen.

That the fig and the almond, with scarcely any protection against severe winter frosts, succeed at a few places as orchard trees, and the apricot and nectarine are grown in orchards in several counties, is rather an indication of not very severe winters than of summer warmth. But the peach is grown

on the Georgian Bay, over 200 miles further north than the southern limit of Ontario, and inland at an elevation of over 1,000 feet above the sea. From the heights of Grimsby on Lake Ontario many scores of thousands of peach trees are seen at one glance, or a larger number than may thus be seen anywhere else in the world. In quality the fruit surpasses that of California. The area in Ontario adapted for peach culture exceeds nine thousand square miles. The wild vine trails over the river-side trees almost everywhere. Many species of the grape, including the European *vinus vinifera*, are cultivated in large vineyards, which are found in the Ottawa valley as well as on the Lake Erie slopes. The yield of wine per acre is greater than in California, and twice as large as in France; the area suitable for viticulture embraces over 25,000 square miles.

Amongst forest trees indications of the climate are found in the success of the tulip tree in much of the province. The pseudo-papaw, with its banana-like fruit, is a forest tree in the Niagara peninsula, although not found as such north or west of a line from the west end of Lake Erie to western Texas. In southern Ontario can be grown five out of the seven known species of magnolia, including one of the largest, a species having flowers ten inches in breadth.

In view of the facts here presented it must be admitted that the climate of Canada has, in parts at least, much to commend it to the intelligent, capable fruit growers and country gentlemen of Britain and Europe.

J. Gordon Mowat.



## A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES.

*A Romance in Twelve Chapters.*

BY JOANNA E. WOOD, AUTHOR OF "THE UNTEMPERED WIND", "JUDITH MOORE", ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

MISS TEMPERANCE TRIBBEY stood at the bank door of the old Lansing house, shading her eyes with one hand as she looked towards the gate to discover why Grip, the chained-up mastiff, was barking so viciously.

The great wooden spoon, which she held in her other hand, was dripping with red syrup, and showed that Temperance was preserving fruit. To the eyes of the initiated there were other signs of her occupation. Notably a dangerous expression in her eyes. The warmth of the stove was apt to extend to Miss Tribbey's temper at such times.

Sidney Martin, coming slowly up the avenue-like lane to the farm-house, did not observe Miss Tribbey standing at the back door, although she saw him; and therefore, much to his own future detriment and present prejudice in Miss Tribbey's eyes, he went to the front door, under its heavy pillared porch, and knocked. After he had vanished round the corner of the house towards the ill-chosen door, Miss Tribbey waited impatiently for the knock, calculating whether she could safely leave her fruit on the fire whilst she answered it.

The knock did not come. Muffled by the heavy door, its feeble echo was absorbed by the big rooms between the front door and the kitchen.

"Well!" said Temperance, "has he gone to Heaven all alive, like fish goes to market, or is he got a stroke?"

The cat arched its back against Miss Tribbey's skirts and so shirked the reply which clearly developed upon it, there being no other living creature visible in the big kitchen.

"It's as bad as consuming to have a man hanging over a body's

head like this," continued Temperance. "My palpitations is coming on! If I'm took with them and that fruit on the fire, along of a man not knowing enough to knock!"

The fruit in the big copper kettle began to rise insidiously towards the brim.

"I'll just go and take a speck at him through the shutters," said she.

She crossed the kitchen, but ere she left it, long housewifely habit made her "give a look to the stove." The burnished copper kettle was domed by a great crimson bubble, raised sphere-like by the steam.

"My soul!" said Temperance, and took a flight across the kitchen, lifting the heavy pot with one sweep from the fire to the floor. The dome quivered, rose a fraction and collapsed in a mass of rosy foam.

The crisis was past, and just then the expected knock came.

Temperance drew a long breath.

"There!" she said, "That jell's done for! I'll have to stand palavering with some agent chap or book-cavasser with my jell a-setting there gettin' all muddled up."

This reflection bore her company to the front door, which she opened with an air of calm surprise. Miss Tribbey knew her manners.

"Well I declare!" she said. "Have you been here long?"

"No—came this very minute," said Sidney in his soft, penetrating voice.

"Oh, the liar!" said Miss Tribbey to herself, scandalized.

"It's beautiful here," he continued. "That field of yellow grain there is worth a journey to see."

"Poor crittur" Miss Tribbey said in relating this afterwards. "Poor, ignorant crittur! Not knowing it's a

burning, heart-sick shame to see grain that premature ripe with the hay standing in win'rows in the field, before his eyes."

"Ahem!" said Miss Tribbey, her visitor showing signs of relapsing again into that reverie which had made the interval of waiting seem as nothing to him, unconscious as he was of the narrowly averted tragedy with Miss Tribbey's fruit.

But face to face with her he was too sensitive not to recognize her impatience with his dallying mood. He roused himself and turned towards her with a frank and boyish smile.

"I'm bothering you," he said, "and doubtless keeping you from something important."

"I'm making jell," said she briefly, her attitude growing tense.

"Have you heard Mr. Lansing speak of Sidney Martin?" he asked. "In reference to his coming to stay here this summer? I'm Sidney Martin, and I want to come, if it is convenient to receive me, the beginning of next week, and—"

"Come where?" demanded Temperance.

"Here," said Sidney, a little embarrassed.

"To this house?"

"Yes," said Sidney, looking at her with the confidence in his eyes of one who, loving his fellow-creatures more than life, expects and anticipates their love in return; one does not often see this expression, but one often sees the residuum left after the ignorance it bespeaks has been melted and mingled by experience.

"Mr. Lansing is over at the unction sale at Abiron Rangers," said Temperance; "You'll excuse me, my jell's a-waitin' for me, and whatever time other folks has to waste I've none! You'll excuse me! I know nothing about boarders and sich!"

"Boarders," said Sidney in alarm, looking about for signs of the enemy. "Do you take boarders?"

"It would seem so now," said Temperance, cuttingly. "It would sertainly seem so."

"Oh, bless you!" said Sidney. "I'm not a boarder! I'm a visitor. There's a great difference, isn't there? I'm the son of old Sidney Martin, the county clerk who went away to Boston and married there. You have heard of him, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have," said Temperance, throwing one end of her apron over her head to shield off the sun. "Yes, I have, though I was in short petticoats and my hair in a pig-tail when it happened. He went to Bosting and married rich, didn't he?"

"He married in Boston," said Sidney. "Where is Mr. Ranger's?"

"Abiron Ranger lives two miles down the road, across to the right," said Temperance. "He died a week ago Wednesday, and there's an unction sale there to-day. There's goin' to be a divide up. The widow wants her thirds. A very pushin' woman Mis' Ranger is."

"Two miles more," said Sidney, with something like a sigh.

Miss Tribbey's keen eyes noted that he was white, as from recent illness.

"Won't you set down a spell and hev' a glass of milk?" she asked; "set down in the shade there, and I'll get it in a jiffy. What's the sense of standing in a blazing sun like this?"

She whisked off and presently returned with the milk and a plate of New England cookies.

"I've got to go back to my jell," she said. "When you get ready to go just put the things on the porch. My soul! I was took when you began talking about boarders. For I've said, and said often, 'If boarders comes, I go.' But visitors! We've always heaps of company, and I'll go bail no house I do for'll ever be took short of things to put on the table; the most unexpectedest company that ever drove up that avenue was always set down to a liberal table; when you go down the road about a mile, just look towards the right, and you'll see a brown frame-house, with a lightning-rod on it. That's Abiron Ranger's. Cut across the fields. It's shorter."



"Thanks," said Sidney; "what delicious milk."

"Yes—Boss don't give chalk and water, she don't," said Miss Tribbey, and went off to her kitchen.

"A poor, slim jack of a man," she soliloquised, ladling out her jelly. "My soul! There's a mighty difference between him and Lanty—but there—his kind don't grow on every bush. Clear Lansing he is, through and through, and there never was no runts among the Lansings."

For a few minutes Sidney rested in the porch, his eyes dwelling upon the undulating grain before him. To one more experienced in these matters, its burnished gold would have told sad tales of the terrible drouth which had scorched the country side, but to him it appeared the very emblem of peace and plenty.

What field of the cloth of gold was ever equal in splendour to this?

He rose and passed down the dusty road. Upon one hand the panicles of an oat field whispered together, upon the other stretched the barren distances of a field known far and near as Mullein Meadow, these weeds and hard shiny goat grass being all that grew upon it.

Sidney did not grasp the significance of its picturesque grey boulders, nor think how dear a possession it was at the price of the taxes upon it. After Mullein Meadow came a little wood, thick with underbrush, in the shadow of which a few brackens were yet green; and fronting the wood a hayfield, with a patch of buckwheat in full bloom in one corner, showing against the dim greenness of the hay like a fragrant white handkerchief fallen from an angel's hand.

Sidney cut across the hayfield to where a glistening point glimmered in the sunshine, above a sloping roof set on brown walls.

"How curious! How real!" he said to himself. "'Underfoot the divine soul—Overhead the sun.'"

He reached the enclosure in which the house stood, and paused at the gate to watch the groups of men dis-

cussing their purchases, for the sale was over.

Presently, his interest urging him, he entered, and mingled with the others, having the fanciful idea he would know his father's old friend by intuition. His eyes softened as he looked at the weather-beaten faces and hard-wrought hands of these men. The memory of the golden grain was dimmed a little, and he saw bands of men bending above their toil beneath stern skies, "storing yearly little dues of wheat and wine, and oil." But that vision was illy entertained in his sanguine, idealistic imagination. It was dismissed to give place once more to the "free farmer" of song and story, and as if to bear witness to this latter picture, a young man detached himself somewhat impatiently from a group of his fellows, and advancing towards where Sidney stood, flung himself across a mettlesome roan which was tugging viciously at its bridle as it stood tied beneath a tree.

The young man's face was flushed, he was blue-eyed and debonair, his yellow hair tossed back carelessly above his brow; a wide, flapping felt hat rested on the back of his head. His features were large and strongly carved. His mouth, seen red through his tow-coloured mustache, had all the sweetness of a woman's and much of the deviltry of a rake's. But his face did not look vicious, only dangerous. His strong, lean hand curbed his horse easily; he turned in his saddle to call to those whom he had just left.

"If anyone wants a last word he knows where to find me," he cried.

"Yes," someone said, giving a coarse laugh; "near some pair of apron strings."

"What did you say?" demanded Lanty Lansing, urging his horse near the group.

"Nothing; O, nothing, Lanty," said the speaker irritatingly, whilst Lanty's horse circled the group crab-fashion.

"Don't let me keep you," went on the man, and Sidney saw he was heavy, black-browed and strongly built. "Don't let me keep you. Is

it the little yellow-haired one or the other? I like the little one best myself, Miss—"

"Keep my cousins' names out of your mouth," said Lanty, his quick temper in a flame, "or I'll break your neck for you."

"If all's true that's told for true, you're better at breaking hearts than necks. There's a little girl over Newton way—but there! I'll tell no tales; but to say you're going to have both your cousins! You're a Mormon, Lanty, that's what you are."

"Be quiet! Be quiet!" some of the men said; "Good-bye, Lanty, better be off; he don't mean nothing."

But the big man, sure of the prestige of his size, thinking, evidently, that Lanty would not dismount, was not to be silenced. Perhaps he was hardly quite sober. He was a machine agent in the neighbourhood, and had bidden unsuccessfully against Lanty for a horse. His next words took him too far.

"I ain't sayin' anything to put his back up! All I say is that them cousins of his can smile at other folks as well as him, and why shouldn't they? I don't like a girl no less because she —." He never finished.

Lanty was off his horse like a flash. His fist caught the big man under the jaw, lifting him almost off his feet and sending him crashing down. Lanty waited with hands clenched for him to rise. The crowd swayed, those close at hand giving way, those upon the outskirts pressing forward. The horse, so suddenly released, reared and swung round on its hind legs, and just then Sidney saw a tall, finely-formed young woman appear almost under the plunging horse, twist a strong hand in the bridle, and wring both curb and snaffle so viciously that the beast gave his head to her guidance. She wheeled it towards Lanty.

Lanty," she said, laying her free hand upon his arm; "Lanty."

"Go into the house, Vashti," he said; "What are you doing here?"

"You are not going to fight," she said, "with him?"

Lansing was silent; she continued: "Go home, Lanty, please—"

Some of the older men had closed around the man, who was just rising to his feet. The first mad impetus of battle was cooling in Lansing's veins, and just then another girl pushed through the group of men to his side. A slight, graceful creature, with the Lansing blue eyes and fair skin, and sweet lips, she was trembling—white.

"Lanty," she said, with terror in her eyes, "has he hurt you? You frighten me horribly."

His eyes rested upon her, self-reproach making them eloquent.

He took the reins from the tall girl's hand, looking always at the white, appealing face of the other.

"I'm a bit of a fool," he said; "but he spoke of you two and—" he paused; "I'll be over to-night," he said, and rode away.

Vashti Lansing's hand and wrist were wrenched, and already beginning to swell; the rearing horse had not been so easily subdued after all; but physical pain was a slight thing to her just then.

"Come," she said to her cousin. "There's father coming out. Don't tell him; let some one else. There are always plenty ready to talk."

So the two girls went into the house, and Sidney Martin stood gazing after them, rapt in the vision of a magnificently-made woman curbing and subduing a rearing horse. Surely a type of the eternal divinity of womanhood, striving against the evil that men do.

Sidney Martin, dreamer of dreams, cherisher of ideals, delicate and suprasensitive, was subjugated forever by love of that splendid piece of vitality—that woman whom even at this moment he likened to the *Venus de Milo*—whose magnificent energy and forceful grace recalled so vividly the *Winged Victory of Samothrace*. With a throb he remembered the beauty of that headless masterpiece, where it stands in the cool greyness of the Louvre, the inexplicable sense of triumphant effort expressed in its heroic pose. How



many aspiring souls have gathered fresh courage from its mutilated majesty, where it stands at the head of the wide stairs! And here in the New England hills he had found a woman who might have been its original. The great sculptors had not dreamed then, when they created these Goddesses of stone; even unto this day, it seemed, they walked the earth, radiant in strength and beauty. How fitting that their statues should be given wings, to typify the splendid spirit prisoned in the imperial clay.

Sidney watched the girls enter the house and followed them involuntarily. As he passed the bully who had been knocked down, he saw there was a lump like an egg already adorning his jaw.

"Serves him right!" said gentle Sidney Martin to himself.

A little farther on half-a-dozen men stood talking together; one, whom Sidney took to be the auctioneer, was saying meaningly—

"It's a bad business bidding for what you don't want."

"Yes," said one of the group, labouriously keeping up the joke. "Yes—for it's apt to be knocked down to you, and then you've got it on your hands."

"On your jaw, you mean," said the auctioneer smartly; whereat a laugh went up. Clearly Lanty Lansing had partisans here.

As Sidney reached the doorway within which the girls had vanished, a grey-haired man stepped forth from it.

"Mr. Lansing," said Sidney, confidently.

His intuitions had not played him false.

"I am Sidney Martin," he continued, but got no further with his self-introduction.

"I'm right glad to see you," said old Lansing heartily, "right glad to see you! So you're old Sid's son? Well you don't favour him no more than my girl favours me! I was struck all of a heap when Dr. Clement told me he knew old Sid's son in Bosting; says I, 'If that younker is like his father I should say he'd have a liking for the

fields, even if he is Bosting born and bred.'" But there! How did you come? Is your things at the station? How long is it since old Sid died? A nice old boy was Sid! And he had a talent for finding wood-chucks that beat the dickens."

"I lost my father four years ago," said Sidney—"he often spoke of you."

"I'll warrant he did," said old Lansing "and my girls know old Sid as well as their next door neighbour. Sid weren't one of the sort to go back on old times—girls"—raising his voice—"girls!"

The two girls reappeared side by side.

"This is Mr. Martin," said the old man; "Old Sid Martin's son."

The girls gave him characteristic salutations. Vashti's inclination was stately, with all the plastic grace of her beautiful form expressed in it. Mabella, to whose cheeks the soft rose had returned, bestowed upon him the tantalizing salutation of the born coquette, piquant, confident, but withal reserved.

"My daughter Vashti," continued Mr. Lansing. "My niece Mabella"—then—"Where's Lanty?"

"He has gone home," said Vashti; her voice was soft and full; a rarity in that region, and a heritage from the Lansings of old.

"That's too bad! It's my nephew—Lansing Lansing," he went on to Sidney, "the last of the Lansings."

"He's coming over to-night," said Mabella.

"You'll see him then; there are only four Lansings left now. An old man, a young one, and two girls. Well, it's a good old stock and that's plenty for a fresh graft. Well, well! How's Miss Ranger feeling, girls? Are you ready to go home?"

"Yes—quite. She's more cheerful," said Vashti. "Will we get ready?"

"Yes." Then turning to Sidney: "Where did you say your things were?"

Sidney had no time for explanations up to this moment.

"I've been staying at Brixton," he said; "and this afternoon I thought I

would come over and ask when I might come, as you had been so good as to invite me; so I came by train from Brixton, and walked to Lansing Farm, and there I saw a lady who directed me here."

"Temperance," said the two girls, and looked at each other.

"She gave me some delightful milk and her opinion of boarders," said Sidney, smiling.

Mabella's laugh rang out like the call of a bird.

"Go and get ready, girls," said Mr. Lansing, "and I'll fetch the horses around."

The girls went indoors, first telling Sidney they would not be long. He went to the side of an old well and sat down upon the edge, looking into its cool depths; far, far down, he could see the distorted vision of his own face. A fat toad hopped lazily about the stones in the moist coolness of the well mouth. The wooden handle of the windlass was worn by many palms—as the creeds of the world are fretted and attenuated by the very eagerness of those who seek the Living Waters by their aid. Hop-vines grew over the house and phœbe birds fluttered through their rustling leaves. The men stared curiously at the stranger by the well, to whom presently came the two girls again, in flat, wide hats.

"How brave you are!" he said to Vashti, rising at their approach. He was more than ordinarily tall, but Vashti's stately head was well above his shoulder.

"How brave you are! That beast of a horse looked frightful as it stood rearing above you! I thought you would be killed."

"I am not afraid of many things," said Vashti, soberly. Yet there was that leaping within her breast which sometimes frightened her sorely.

Sidney's eyes dilated with eagerness as he drank in the suave beauty of her statuesque shape. It was a beauty which appealed to him keenly. Divorced from all minor attributes, it depended securely upon form and line

alone; colour, environment, counted as nothing in its harmonious whole. But one of the flexile wrists was swollen and stiff.

"You are hurt," he cried, forgetting that to keen eyes his anxiety might seem absurd. "You are hurt! That horse!"

She coloured a little—slowly—it was like the reflection of a rosy cloud on marble.

"Yes, it is twisted, I think."

He looked at it and shuddered. It gave him a sense of absolute physical nausea to see suffering. He had had a strange bringing-up by a visionary mother, who, absorbed in a vision of the pain of the world, had impressed her morbid ideas upon her child, until now, in manhood, he was as sensitive to even the abstract idea of pain as the eye is to dust. Before real suffering his whole being shrank. At that moment Mr. Lansing drove up in the democrat waggon; but a change which was very apparent had come over his countenance.

Vashti and Mabella looked at each other and nodded apprehensively.

"Get in, girls," said the old man in abrupt authoritative tones. "Come up beside me here," he said to Sidney.

They drove through the yard in silence, old Lansing nodding good-bye curtly to his neighbours. The moment they were on the road he turned to the two girls:

"What's this I hear?" he demanded.

"Lanty has been fighting again! Verily he that slayeth with the sword shall perish by the sword. It's a scandal."

"It wasn't a sword; 'twas his fist," said Mabella *sotto voce*.

"He only knocked the man down," said Vashti, "and he needed it?"

"You're a judge of such things, evidently," said her father irately. "I say it's a disgrace to be a common brawler—to—"

Mabella spoke up eagerly. "Oh, but uncle," she said. "The man said something about Vashti, and I—I don't know what, but not pleasant, and—"

"He did, did he?" demanded the old

man, his face growing strangely like Lanty's in its anger. "He *did*. Wait till I see him! I'll break every bone in his body if I catch him;" he cut the horses viciously with his whip. "Only wait." Evidently he had forgotten his doctrine of peace. As a sky is lighted by an after-glow into the beauty of dawn, so old Lansing's face illumined by his wrath was youthful once more.

"He spoke slightly of you, did he! The —;" he choked down an unscriptural epithet.

Mabella nudged Vashti gleefully. Sidney managed to give the girls a look of sympathetic congratulation over his shoulder. But Vashti's face was still sombre. She knew her father far too well to think he would be consistently inconsistent. Lanty would have his bad half-hour, irrespective of this raging. The Lansings were essentially illogical. It was a common saying in the neighbourhood, that calculating upon a Lansing was like catching a flea: when you thought you had him he wasn't there!

"What did you think when Dr. Clement gave you my invitation?" asked old Lansing.

"I was simply delighted," said Sidney; "you know I did not feel that I would be coming among strangers. My dear old dad spoke very often of the Lansings, and you in particular."

"Yes—he wanted sister Mabella, her mother there; we quarreled, sister and me, over that matter. She would have her cousin Reuben and nobody else. Poor things! Neither the one nor the other of 'em lived long. We Lansings are great on marrying cousins," he said half apologetically, suddenly remembering it was this young man's father who had been lightlied.

Both the girls blushed, but the blush died unseen upon the cheeks of each. For neither searched the countenance of the other. How blindly we stumble towards our own desires—unheeding the others who seek the same treasure till a hand plucks it away from before us, and then with empty hands we brush the mists from our eyes, and see how, led by fatuous delusion through

perilous places, we have come to the ashes! But the ashes are never so dead that eager breath may not blow them into that Phoenix flame from whence Hope is born.

"My father told me all the old stories of his boyhood," said Sidney. "I have heard of all your adventures together."

"So have we," said Mabella. "Do you know the story of how a streamer of crape was tied upon the door of the old church the night the Independents opened theirs?"

"Yes, indeed," said Sidney, laughing. "My father related that exploit of Mr. Lansing's many a time."

Both girls laughed aloud, at least Mabella did, and Vashti's full, soft laughter echoed through it like the call of a wood dove.

"My uncle," said Mabella, with emphasis, "has told us how your father did it."

"Tut—tut" said old Lansing, not ill pleased. "Not worth repeating—school-boy capers."

Afterwards in comparing notes the girls and Sidney found that in every instance the teller of the story had given the other the hero's rôle to play. A generous thing, surely. Yet, like all true generosity, not barren. For in the imaginations of all these young people, this Damon and Pythias of the New England hills shared a dual glory for deeds of "daring do" against scholastic authority and ghostly reverence; and their names went down to posterity as mighty hunters of the wood-chuck.

"Must you really go back to Brixton to-night?" asked Vashti of Sidney, as they alighted from the democrat waggon. The man trembled as he looked upon her, so strongly had her individuality impressed him.

"Yes," he said. "I must go back to-night, but," he added, not concealing his eagerness, "I shall come back."

"Whenever you can, and the sooner the better," said old Lansing, interrupting him.

"Monday, then," said Sidney.

"Monday be it," replied the old man,

pleased with his eagerness. "You want to get browned up a bit," he added. "Have you been ill?"

"Grippe—in the winter," Sidney Martin said, suddenly feeling ashamed of acknowledging it—before that splendid creature whose presence seemed such a reproach to all less superbly well than herself. It was a bad sign, had Sidney been looking for such subtleties, that Vashti's magnificence of physique impressed him as a reproach against imperfection, rather than as a triumph of the race. It was so with her always. She gave others a chilling sense of what the human "might have been" rather than an inspiring perception of what the human "might be." Surely the spirit is subtly giving each individual an *aura* of his own which may stimulate those who enter it like the piney ozone of the mountains, or stifle them as does the miasmic breath of a morass.

"Well—if you must really go—" said Mabella.

Supper was over—a supper presided over by Temperance Tribbey, and justifying thoroughly her remarks upon her capability as a purveyor. Sidney was taking leave at the front door pre-

paratory to his departure for the station.

"Yes—don't keep him any longer, girls. He'll miss his train. It is sun-down now; another dry sun-down at that! It's killing weather. Well, good bye—we'll look for you Monday."

"Yes, on Monday," said Mabella's treble.

"On Monday," echoed Vashti's contralto.

"On Monday," repeated Sidney, raising his hat and turning away, and the voices of the three blent even as their lives were to do.

At the gate Sidney turned; Mabella had vanished promptly to adorn herself against the arrival of Lanty. The old man had gone off to the stables.

Vashti stood alone, her figure erect beside the Corinthian pillar of the old colonial porch. The rigid line of the column accentuated the melting curves of shoulder and hip. Lighted by the yellow after-glow she seemed transfigured to his glamourised fancy. He bared his head, and the goddess raised her hand in farewell. He passed down the road in a dream, hardly noting Lanty, as he rode past him to where Vashti waited in the after-glow.

(To be Continued.)

#### A FANCY BY THE SEA.

THE lingering trace on the day's dead face  
Of the sunset's parting smile,  
Sheds an after-glow on the peaks of snow  
And the gray sea, mile on mile.

The sea-birds rest on her spacious breast,  
Hearing her croon of sleep;  
Oh, sweet and long is the slumber-song  
Of the ancient Mother Deep!

Perchance she dreams of the matchless themes  
She sang when the world was young,  
Ere wild winds woke and their sorrow spoke  
And taught her an alien tongue.

But some glad day in the far-away,  
When the world's heart is retuned,  
She will sing again the old refrain  
She in her childhood crooned.

Bradford K. Daniels.



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## "THE POWER OF FRILLS."

"Dress makes the man, and want of it the fellow."—POPE.



**WELL-KNOWN** author makes one of his characters assert that "in these days people are practically born in their clothes." Such an original view of the well-

worn subject of clothes, set down in crude black and white, is somewhat startling upon a first reading, and provides much food for thought.

It is most trying to have one's settled convictions on any given subject, which have been carefully docketed and pigeon-holed, rootled out and thrown into confusion because some recognized authority, trading upon his reputation, tosses the ball of a perplexing riddle into the midst of a placid and well-conducted community, to be solved by them at their leisure. We feel as if the ground were slipping from under our feet; we question in bewildered fashion "what next," and expect topsy-turvydom to reign in the midst of our pet illusions. We prepare to contemplate the shattered dreams of our common sense, and see chaos reign in the place of our small proprieties.

That we are content to live in our clothes, smoothing our frills with complacency, is one thing; but to be told we are born in our clothes disturbs the easy flow of our simple thoughts in a manner which is decidedly upsetting, and in some indefinable way we seem to hover dangerously near the precincts of indecorum. On reflection, however, the momentary feeling of perturbation passes, and instead of being shocked, our refined sensibilities will be conscious of a distinct element of propriety pervading the question, and a cer-

tain sense of relief and comfort will accrue to those whom the foregoing remarks may have plunged into an uncertainty with regard to their faith in the seemliness of clothes.

There is more truth than fiction, more of fact than theory, at the bottom of this novel suggestion, and it deserves the weighty consideration of all who can justly claim to be thoughtful, and are in the habit of sifting the virtues of doubtful issues.

To suggest that clothes are improper would be the work of a bold spirit, for without a doubt they are necessary and pleasing adjuncts to the needs of our uneasy existence, but they dominate and colour our outlook upon men and things more completely than can be realized from a superficial point of view.

If we take a careful review of life from the early dimpled roundness of wondering babyhood, to the knowing cynicism of old age, we will form some conception of the fateful power of clothes. And if we look back further, across the mist of years, into the depths of the centuries, we will stand aghast at the accumulated strength of resource which has been spent upon our frills.

The strange complexity of voluminous garments—or the scantiness of the





the eyes of poor humans, and they grope helplessly in the midst of a kaleidoscopic view of dissolving chiffons, grasping vainly for some tangible form which will remain unchanging in the midst of change. Finally, the long-suffering observer of human nature in its outward and visible aspect, comes to the conclusion it is more satisfactory to study the human form divine by the broad simplicity of the classics, than trust his powers to conceive an ideal of beauty from the iridescent splendours of our modern habit.

In their power of misrepresentation, clothes are unquestionably guilty of impropriety in its more subtle sense; that is, an impropriety which assumes to the false an air of reality, and covers truth with a garment of prevarication. They conceal the truth without denying it, and by connivance become participants in subterfuges and pitfalls which beset the thorny path of the unwary, who move blindly onward, seeing they know not what, and pondering upon the thought of what they do not see.

Clothes envelope, influence and restrain our frail bodies with a quiet strength which shall still endure when the vigorous onslaughts of the dress reform societies shall have ceased their struggling, and mould the character in an unyielding cast of buckram and whalebone. They constitute the first

same; the grace and colour of clinging æsthetic draperies, or the astonishing configuration of the crinoline, have flouted their tantalizing inconsistencies in the face of helpless humanity from age to age. The outrage of all proportion; the height of petulant heels; the tilt of a modish coiffure; the thousand and one seductions of diaphanous laces, continue to bewilder

elements of civilized and social life. They set in motion the maelstrom of effort and emulation, which, spreading in ever-widening circles, draws into its vortex all the machinery for the growth of the world—all of energy, strength, ambition and imagination to assist in creating this gorgeous pageant of clothes.

With the success or failure of personal adornment, our fitful charms glow and wane like the skin of a chameleon; our moods vary from gay to grave, and grave to bitter; our beauties appear or vanish, until we realize that frills are responsible to a larger extent than seems possible for the trend of our mental and physical training.

Despite the advocates of heredity, character is also the result of environment and circumstance; and what environment envelopes men and women more closely than their clothes? Brave with all the bravery of her coat of many colours, and the swish of her well-hung flounces, a woman steps out into the whirl of life with a brilliant dash of radiant smiles and faultless attire. With a courage born of her successful disguise, all that may be of sensitiveness in her nature; all that may be of furtive sadness hanging like a misty veil over the lingering of some close hidden sorrow, is thrust back into the secret cubby holes of her soul—a heartless, dazzling exterior faces the world, and passes on its way triumphant. Protected by an impenetrable shield, she is proof against the most insidious attacks of a skilled tactician in the artifices of that bloodless warfare which is waged without ceasing in social communion.

Behind the kindly shelter of beneficent garments is





concealed the wisdom of fools and the follies of the wise, and a man of resource plays upon the credulity of his social antagonists with all the legerdmain of a magician. With exquisite discrimination he assumes, according to his need, a variety of guises, and seeks to penetrate the armour of his opponents with the agility and resistless precision of a clever fencer.

The man who seeks to be a large toad in his small puddle hastens to make himself familiar with the "technique" of his wardrobe within the limitations which the Great Mogul of sartorial art has decreed he shall move. He is too wise to underestimate the power of frills, and turns them to the attaining of his own ends with as much forethought as Mademoiselle Aigrette



expends upon the *coup de main* of her next ball-room *campagne*. The nice turn of curve in waistcoats, the proper angle of hat brims, the correct caper in golfing gear are none of them too trifling for the serious attention of the wise man who wishes to make a noise in the world. And woe to the man of ambition who neglects the smallest trifle in this age, when trifles appear as greatness on the near horizon of our short-sighted vision.

The sombre, ungraceful raiment which man (referring specifically to the male gender) has rendered himself subservient to, is as powerful in its pre-

sent evolution from the picturesque as in the days of white satin tights and doublets of scarlet and gold. From within the stultifying environments of lines and colours, painful in their ugliness, the lord of creation beams forth complacently with inward conviction of the impression he is making, wholly oblivious to the fact that he is but one in an innumerable host monotonous as the proverbial flock of sheep. Every man doubtless takes comfort to his soul that his own especial idiosyncrasies are safely ensconced behind the shelter of a dress as like as two peas to his neighbour. The politician and the potthat orator of the public square; the lawyer and the vendor of edibles out for his Sunday airing; the spoiled darling of my lady's boudoir and the butler who ushers him in, all vie with each other in getting the latest intelligence as to shade, shape and set of necktie; the exact height of excruciatingly uncomfortable collars, and ponder the ways and means of attaining the dignity of that crowning monstrosity, a modern silk hat. In the midst of our confused attempts to recognize quickly the distinctions which lie hidden in the folds of these characterless frills, we humbly apologize to the butler and pass a distinguished *litterateur* with haughty air and a request for light refreshments. Nevertheless, across the surface of this dreary waste of uniformity the mark of indi-







viduality and subtle detail of mannerism is clearly though delicately drawn. The sign is set upon their foreheads. A cad may take indefinite pains to be immaculate in the fashion of his turnout, he may conform in all things strictly to the most exigent requirements of his well-posted tailor, yet this same perfection of attire will be but the means of his own undoing and he will still be labeled before the world "cad," pure and simple.

A solemn and absorbing interest is this interest of clothes, weighted with grave responsibility, than which there is no topic more universally fascinating. Nothing appeals more unerringly to "all sorts and conditions of men" than the witching coquetry of frills. The unnamed of the factories, with their bits of gaudy ribbon and be-drabbed feathers, are unwittingly united in close bonds of sympathy with the great ones of the earth trailing their satin robes. The children culling nosegays in the woods, for the beautifying of their small persons, are but little removed from the aggress-

sive propagandist of a popular conceit in physical culture. No one can escape from the thralldom of this tyrannical master, for where is the man who can live without clothing?

Ever since the beginning of things, when the savage came to the conclusion his paint was a little chilly and donned the furs of animals, frills have ruled the world from a throne so firmly established that the dis-crowned heads of nations may well gaze upon it with impotent envy.

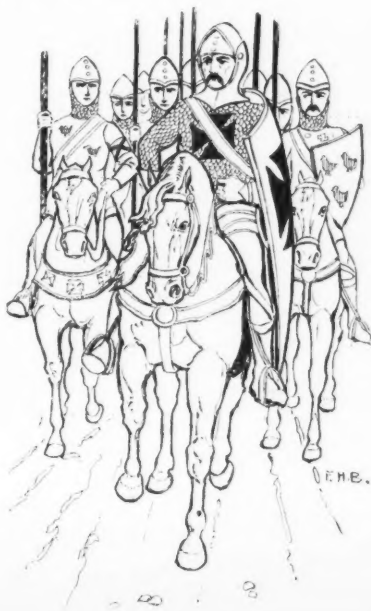
While thrones have toppled to the ground, and the murder of kings and princes has confronted the sight of outraged nations; while human beings have been tortured and starved, and their children have been crying for bread for body and soul, the twist of a braid of hair, the length and height



of a shoulder, the impertinent flout of a chiffon has been distracting the souls of the majority, and the dress-makers have convened hurried councils of state for the consideration of urgent affairs of the toilet.

Dress and character—character and dress—the inward and invisible expression of the outward and visible sign have evolved themselves side by side with the cycles of the centuries, each striving to assert its own individuality and obtain the mastery of the other.

Arrayed in all the elegance of velvet, lace and satin, jewelled gauntlets and perukes, we dream of the knights of a bygone time as courtier gentlemen, men of chivalrous action, of high-sounding perorations, and pompous conversation. With the gorgeous period of Elizabeth we asso-



ciate whalebone, starch and the marvelous erection of the ruff in all the glory of its lofty bearing. That those amazing ladies of expansive brow and regal features, with their figures laced in stomachers glittering with jewels and adorned with many-coloured embroideries, should spout Greek for their morning's diversion, and write ponderous repartees in whatever dead language happened to be available at the moment, is a matter which may be received with entire equanimity when we take into consideration their environment of clothes. It was a necessity for them to live up to their starch, buckram, and powder.

Is it within the bounds of the congruous that those queenly dames of pedantic diction would have essayed the same ideal of mind and manners, had the advent of the bicycle encroached a little more nearly upon the rim of their century? Can we picture to ourselves those paragons of stately dignity moving with their wonted grace

in divided—or, to be more circumspect, in such august company—abbreviated skirts, where length of limb and turn of ankle are matters to be discussed by the whole world with the nonchalant permission of the owners of said limbs and ankles.

The crusader—splendid in his clinking chains and jointed steel, with the glory of a sun flashing from the points of his emblazoned shield, like an ogre from another world, plunged forward on his iron-clad devil horse, ready to defy the earth single-handed. A man of to-day, in all things apparently fashioned in like mould, but clad in soft tweeds or immaculate broadcloth, announces with cheerful candour that his heels could not be seen for dust should the dogs of war be let loose. To what cause must we ascribe this alarming change of front in the back-bone of our defences? Who shall dare to say that bravery was engrained in the nature of the crusader and that cowardice lurks beneath the cloak of the patron of pliable stuffs. Rather let the defenceless bones of Sir Knight turn in his grave, while we drag his plumes in the dust and ascribe the honours of his hard won fame to the virtue of his tempered steel.

The shears and flax in the web of life hold a double meaning, which those who run may read, and the material strength of that slender thread twines about our mental life with a force which can hardly be overrated. The affairs of nations have

Illustrations by F. H. Brigden.

been set at naught for the gleam of a satinslipper; the lives of brave men have been lost for the possession of a dainty glove; the fair fame of women has been jeopardized for the flash of a priceless jewel. The influence of this magic power of clothes strikes to the core of life, and all alike acknowledge its sway. The grave and gay, the strong and the weak; the devotee of fashion and the loudest rebel who disclaims against its rule; the loyal follower of conventionality, and those who boast of eccentricity, cannot get away from the thralldom of clothes. Even the erratic, long-haired artist owes something to the habit he affects to despise, and would not feel so untrammelled by moral and social obligations but for the unbound floutings of his vagrant locks, while the curious cut of his clothes helps him to accentuate the eccentricities which are the delight of his heart in the blending of a harmonious whole.

Beneath this wonderful covering, with its accompaniment of pathetic pretense and brave jest, dwells a spirit pulsating with a touch of the divine deep in its secret places, whose invisible wings stretch out across the ocean of eternity. A soul—strong enough to suffer—yearning to break its chains and be true to itself, oftentimes slinks through life crushed beneath its weight of clothes, while the tiny spark divine flickers low, and the world wags on to the musical frou frou of its silken frills.

*Constance Rudyerd Boulton.*

#### FOREST LEAVES.

IN virgin beauty, man's estate, the earth  
 Emerged from chaos, perfect from its birth;  
 The Architect had weighed each element,  
 Had fixed the solid land, the seas had pent;  
 Had ribbed with rocky bones the mountain's side;  
 Adjusted motion's swing, and chained the tide.  
 The heat and cold, the light and shade, the shower,  
 In nice proportion blent, with silent power,  
 Obeyed the voice which bade them clothe the hill,  
 And valley drape, with emblems of His skill.

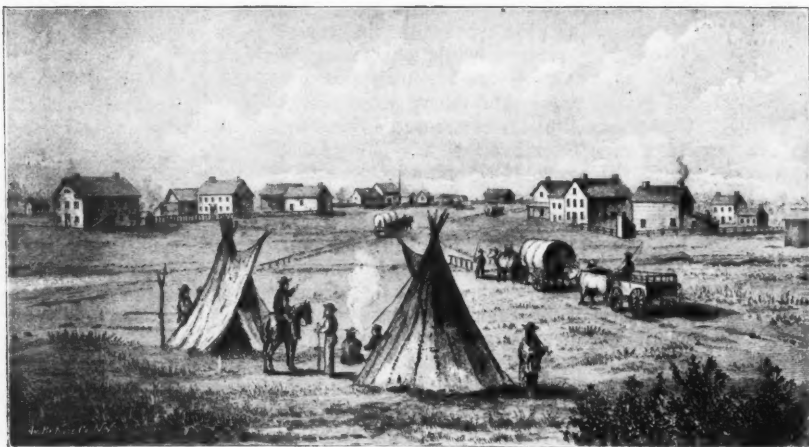
The towering pine arose, the wind tossed wide  
 His waving plumes, while whispering music sighed ;  
 The royal oak rejoiced in sturdy strength  
 Of gnarly trunk, and massy arms of length ;  
 The lordly elms on buttressed columns rear  
 Aloft their Gothic arches branching fair ;  
 Amid the crags, the goodly cedars coal  
 With fairy wands, the crystal stream and pool ;  
 Superb in vernal green, or autumn dyes,  
 The gorgeous maple groves in masses rise ;  
 The queenly silver birch in mirror bright,  
 Of moonlit lake, enchants the wond'ring night ;  
 The spirit of the woods designs their leaves,  
 Distils the incense rare that balsams breathes.

Subdue the earth. Man's brutish ignorance  
 Destroys instead, and blindly trusts to chance ;  
 With axe and fire he strips each mountain side ;  
 The rivers shrink, the bubbling spring is dried ;  
 The leafy reservoirs of gentle rains  
 And vapours moist, the blazing sun has drained.  
 Now torrents rage and swell the inland sea ;  
 The cyclone's vortex spreads calamity ;  
 Then death-like draughts, then tempests, blight and hail ;  
 Unbalanced Nature groans, her products fail ;  
 The people faint for bread, the beasts must die ;  
 Foul pestilence now reigns where vultures cry.  
 In flaming letters on the pages sere  
 Of Time's sad register, the story drear  
 Is told of wrecks of empires, nation's graves ;  
 Sepulchral ruins, famine-haunted caves ;  
 Of Edens curst, sirocco blasted plains,  
 Decadent mighty ones ; their countless grains  
 Of human atoms, glide like wind swept leaves ;  
 Their faded phantom forms are memories.

America bewails the bulwarks, felled  
 To sate the mill man's greed, that once repelled  
 The northern blast. No kingly chief was spared ;  
 Nor sacred grove. Those "solemn temples" reared  
 Their lofty pinnacles and crosses high ;  
 A growth of ages pictured on the sky.

Let kingly science teach, let wisdom guide  
 Our rulers' hands, to guard our country's pride ;  
 From vandal hands preserve the forest bounds,  
 Replant the wastes and stock the hilly grounds.  
 Let private wealth assist with careful zeal  
 To dress the landscape warm, for future weal.

*William H. Taylor.*



FROM BRYCE'S "EARLY DAYS IN WINNIPEG."

WINNIPEG IN 1869.

The Village of Winnipeg lay nearly a mile north of Fort Garry, and contained about fifty buildings.

## THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

BY J. JONES BELL, AN OFFICER IN LORD WOLSELEY'S EXPEDITION.

THE Province of Manitoba, aptly referred to by Lord Dufferin in one of his speeches as the bull's eye of Canada, occupies a position about half-way between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and comprises within its boundaries some of the most fertile wheat-growing territory in the world. The richness of its soil was established by an exploring party sent out in 1858 under the direction of Prof. Henry Youle Hind, of Trinity College, Toronto. It could not be expected that a country of such capabilities—waiting to be tickled by the plough that it might laugh into an abundant harvest—could long remain unoccupied. Soon after the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia were confederated in 1867, the eyes of the people of the new nation were turned towards the fertile lands bordering on Red River, and extending to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, as a place to which they and their children might migrate without having to change their political allegiance, the available agricultural lands

of the older provinces being pretty well occupied.

The country had long been in possession of the Hudson's Bay Co., which had received, in 1670, a charter from Charles II., granting it sovereign rights over Rupert's Land, a somewhat indefinite area, but which was understood to include a large portion of the North American continent. In 1783 a rival trading corporation, the North-West Company, had been formed, and for years a keen rivalry existed, frequently resulting in bloodshed. In 1822 the two companies amalgamated, retaining the older name, and carried on an exceedingly profitable trade in furs for many years. In 1812 Lord Selkirk attempted to form a colony of Sutherland Highlanders on Red River, having secured a grant of land from the Hudson's Bay Co. for the purpose, but the experiment was attended with limited success. The colony was on several occasions threatened with annihilation by its Indian neighbours, and by a still worse enemy, the plague of grasshoppers. A few other

settlers and traders found their way in, but the country was too far removed from the outside world, and the means of communication too slow and uncertain for colonization to proceed rapidly; nor did "the Company," as it was called, encourage settlement, as that would have interfered with the monopoly which had proved such a source of wealth to the shareholders.

Upon the completion of federation, the attention of Canadian statesmen being directed to this territory, negotiations were opened for its transfer to the new Dominion. The tenure of the Hudson's Bay Co. was doubtful, and it was proposed to dispossess them by process of law, but as long and tedious litigation would have been the result, an agreement was arrived at by which the Company relinquished its rights, in consideration of a money payment of £300,000 sterling, the reservation of a certain amount of land around its trading posts, and one-twentieth of the other lands as surveyed.

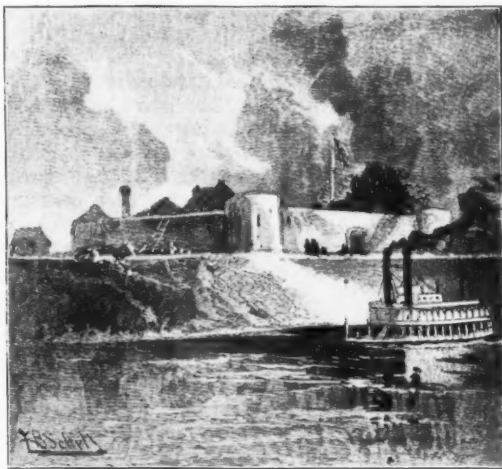
The transfer was fixed for the 1st of December, 1869, but the Government of Canada, eager to secure the rich prize, and influenced doubtless by considerations of a political character, appointed the Hon. Wm. Macdougall, C.B., Lieut-Governor, and sent him out in the month of September, with instructions to proceed "with all convenient speed" to Fort Garry, there to assist in the formal transfer of the territories, and be "ready to assume the government" on the date mentioned.

In the negotiations between the Government and the Hudson's Bay Co. the feelings of the colonists in the Red River settlement were not taken into account. It can scarcely be wondered at that at least a portion of them resented such treatment, and that they objected to the change of their status

from a Crown colony to a colony of a colony without their views being considered. No guarantee had been given that their rights and privileges would be respected, and, though there could be no doubt that they would be fairly and justly treated by Canada, it is not surprising that opposition was expressed in a very emphatic manner.

Mr. Macdougall was instructed to go to Fort Garry, and assured that shortly after his arrival the Queen's proclamation transferring the territories would be issued. He travelled through the United States to Pembina, a small village in the State of Dakota, near the boundary. There he learned that it was the intention of a number of French half-breeds to prevent his entering the territory, and that a party of them had erected a barricade on the road, which they intended to protect by force of arms. On attempting to proceed he found this to be true, and on being ordered back had no alternative but to comply. He returned to Pembina, and there awaited developments.

The people of the Red River settle-



FROM "PICTURESQUE CANADA."

#### LOWER FORT GARRY.

This Fort was about twenty miles north of the Fort Garry which guarded Winnipeg.



ment consisted in the main of two classes—French half-breeds, descendants of French voyageurs who were in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Co., and who had intermarried with the Indians, and English and Scotch half-breeds, the offspring of similar marriages. The latter class was augmented by the settlers brought out by Lord Selkirk. The former were generally Roman Catholics, the latter Protestants. There was also a sprinkling of Canadians, who had found their way thither from the older provinces. It was not in the interest of the Roman Catholic church, or of the Hudson's Bay officials, that the territory should be transferred. The church wished to see a French province created similar to Quebec; the officials, though active opposition would be contrary to the terms of the bargain, were well aware that with settlement would end the fur trade.

Had the Government of Canada moved with greater discretion it is not likely the rebellion would have occurred. The arrangement had an air of purchase about it, and the cry resounded throughout the North-West that the people were being bought and sold like cattle. Had a declaration been made, stating that the rights of property would be respected, that all in bona-fide occupation of land would be allowed to retain it and receive legal title, that the religious views of everyone would be respected, the ground would have been completely cut away from under the feet of the political agitators. The Government, however, not only failed to express its intentions, and sent out a lieutenant-governor without intimating their design to the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, who was in charge, but they sent surveyors, who ran lines, drove stakes, opened up roads and acted as if the country was already in possession. The Selkirk settlers, and others of that class, however perplexed at the procedure, had confidence that the Canadian authorities would do substantial justice in the recognition of all just and lawful claims, and were content to wait patiently, but the French half-breeds, more excitable in

disposition, ready to fight with any who might cross their path or interfere with their rights, and, as a class, not so well-informed on current events, and more ready to follow their leaders, were not satisfied with a course which seemed to put their rights in jeopardy. Nevertheless, there was at one time an attempt made on the part of some of the French to have the armed force, which had turned back the Lieutenant-Governor, dispersed; and on another occasion three leading French half-breeds agreed to have a meeting of English and French to prepare and send a statement of their rights to Lieutenant-Governor Macdougall, with the promise that if he granted them they would bring him into the country in spite of Riel. These movements, however, fell through, and the French, though not unanimous in support of their leader, pretty generally lent themselves to a course which branded them as rebels, and left a blot on the beginning of constitutional government in the North-West.

The real leader of the rebellion was Louis Riel, a French half-breed,\* son of a miller of St. Boniface, a parish on the opposite side of Red River from Fort Garry. He was at first only the secretary of the provisional government, John Bruce being its president, but Riel soon assumed the functions of head. He had for some weeks been travelling through the settlement, holding meetings, and inciting his countrymen to oppose the transfer. Having great influence and considerable eloquence he had no difficulty in persuading his compatriots that their rights were being invaded, and in gathering around him a large following.

The first overt act of the rebellion was committed on the 10th of October, 1869, when a band of eighteen men, headed by Riel, compelled a survey party under Col. Dennis to desist. This was followed by an armed force taking possession of the highway at the Sale River, about 15 miles south of Fort Garry, and erecting a barricade

\*Riel always called himself a half-breed, though it is said there was really no Indian blood in his veins.



in the form of a fence, not a very formidable fortification, to be sure, but a sufficient warning to the incoming Lieutenant-Governor and his party that the rebels intended to hold the country until terms had been agreed upon. At this point every incomer was stopped and questioned as to his business, the mail bags were examined for information as to the intention of the government, and freighter's carts were robbed to supply the necessities of the army of occupation.

A few days after the erection of the barricade another aggressive step was taken, when Ambrose Lepine, adjutant-general of the provisional government, with an armed body of mounted men, turned back Lieutenant-Governor Macdougall when he crossed the boundary line to take formal possession.

Winter was approaching and more comfortable quarters than the camp at Sale River were required for the rebels. On the 3rd of November they moved down to Fort Garry, of which they took possession with all the stores it contained. Anticipating such a move, some of the loyalists had offered to garrison the fort, but as there was a difference of opinion nothing was done. The Hudson's Bay officer in charge could only protest. Riel and his men proceeded to make themselves comfortable in their new capital, and with the furniture sent forward for the Lieutenant-Governor, and the abundant stores which the fort contained, entered upon a life of ease and luxury such as they had never before experienced.

The officers of the Hudson's Bay Co. have been accused of conniving at the seizure of Fort Garry and the rebellion generally. Be that as it may, Governor McTavish, who was at the head of the Company's affairs in the territories, in view of the fact that Riel had called a convention to consider the situation, issued a proclamation denouncing the insurgents, calling upon them to return to their homes, and requesting the convention, in any movement it might make to secure the people's rights, to employ only such means as were "lawful, constitutional, rational and

safe." He also frequently referred with indignation to the hauling down of the Union Jack by the rebels, and the hoisting of a flag in its place, bearing the French fleur-de-lis and the Irish shamrock. Riel, further, in the *New Nation*, a newspaper published under his control, used very violent language towards the Company. Whether the Hudson's Bay officers did or did not encourage the rebellion at the outset, there is no doubt it went further than at first anticipated, and what was probably intended only as a demonstration to secure certain rights developed into an armed rebellion of formidable proportions.

The 1st of December was the day fixed for the formal transfer of the territories to Canada. Mr. Macdougall had received no notice of any change in the programme, and he accordingly, when that day arrived, issued from his temporary residence at Pembina a proclamation announcing his appointment as Lieutenant-Governor, and another confirming all public officials in their offices. He also gave Col. Dennis a commission to act as his lieutenant and conservator of the peace, and empowered him to raise an armed force to put down the rebellion.

Acting upon this commission Col. Dennis proceeded to organize and drill the English and Scotch settlers, and took possession of Lower Fort Garry, usually known as the Stone Fort, twenty miles down Red River. In his force was included about fifty loyal Indians from St. Peter's reserve. This action incensed Riel, and one of the first results was the capture of some forty-five men who had assembled in Dr. Schultz's house. No resistance was offered on their part, as it would have been useless. They were imprisoned in Fort Garry, some in solitary confinement, Schultz, who had incurred Riel's special enmity, being one. It was, doubtless, the intention to put a violent end to Dr. Schultz's career; but he managed to escape, and found his way, lame from a fall received in dropping from a window, on snowshoes to Eastern Canada, his only companion

in the terrible journey being Joseph Monkman, a faithful and loyal half-breed.

A collision between Riel's men and those enlisted by Col. Dennis now seemed imminent, but the urgent solicitations of the clergy and others induced the latter to abandon the rash attempt to put down the rebellion, and the force was disbanded and sent home. Mr. Macdougall, finding that any attempt to enter the territory would be futile, returned to Ottawa, where he had to incur a vast amount of censure on account of occurrences for which he could not justly be held responsible.

Anxious now to conciliate, the government at Ottawa sent two commissioners to Red River, in the persons of Vicar-General Thiebault and Col. de Salaberry, who accomplished nothing. Mr. Donald A. Smith, now Lord Strathcona, chief officer of the Hudson's Bay Co. in Canada, was despatched a few

days later as special commissioner. It had become the avowed intention of the provisional government to bring about annexation to the United States. Mr. Smith arrived at Fort Garry on the 27th of December, and after much delay and opposition was allowed to address a mass meeting of upwards of a thousand people, held on the 19th and 20th of January, in the open air, with the thermometer 25° below zero. Such a meeting under such circumstances shows the intensity of feeling which prevailed. The result was the appointment of forty delegates, representing both the French and English elements, who met on the 25th of January and continued in consultation till the 10th of February. A Bill of Rights was prepared and three delegates—Judge Black, Rev. Father Richot and Alfred H. Scott—appointed to proceed to Ottawa to urge its acceptance.

Le Roc. Pierre De Lorme. Thomas Bunn. Xavier Page. Andre Beauchemin. Baptiste Tereaux.



Pierre Poitras. John Bruce. Louis Riel. W. B. O'Donoghue. Francois Dauphinais. Thomas Spence. Bob O'Lone. Paul Prue.

RIEL AND HIS COUNCIL (1869-70).

(Reproduced from a photograph in the possession of Mr. Bell.)



LOUIS RIEL.

The first portrait is taken from an engraving made by Harpers, after a portrait by Zimmaman, of St. Paul. The second is from "The North-West," by G. M. Adam. The two lower portraits are not so indicative of Riel's character as the two upper; the first is from a picture of Riel in 1884; the second is reproduced from "The Making of the Canadian West," by R. G. Macbeth.

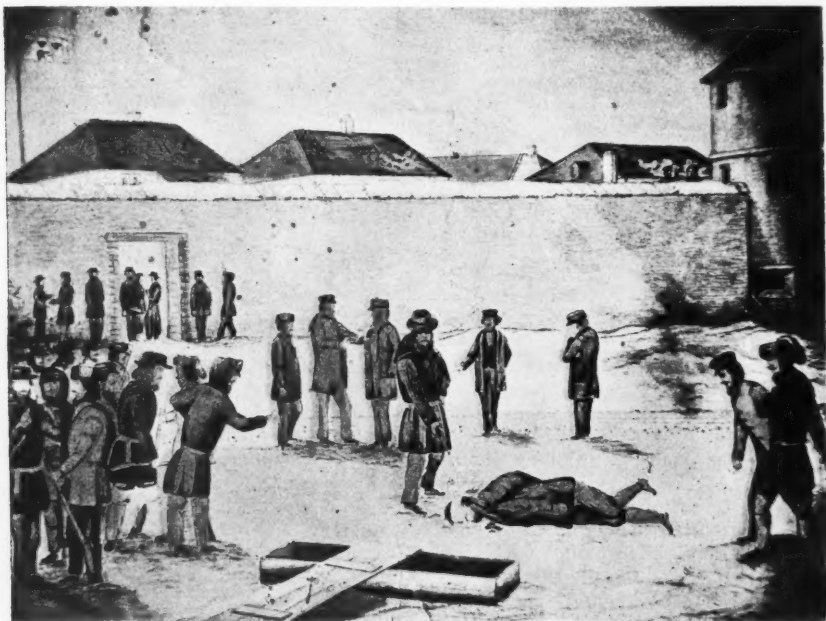
A few days before the convention met Riel had announced his provisional government, with himself as President, W. B. O'Donoghue as Secretary-Treasurer, and Ambrose Leppine as Adjutant-General. The convention, although it was not within its province, agreed to ratify this government, some of its members no doubt against their better judgment, but influenced by Governor McTavish's advice to "form a government of some kind and restore peace and order in the settlement." Riel was of course

anxious that this should be done, as it gave his movement the appearance of having the support of all classes, and a standing in carrying on negotiations which it would not otherwise have possessed.

Immediately after the convention Riel released a number of the prisoners at the fort, and promised that the others would soon be set at liberty. He failed to carry out his promise, and the people at Portage la Prairie, being determined that they should be released, assembled to the number of about

eighty. They were joined by some three hundred English and Scotch half-breeds. The party was under command of Major (now Senator) Boulton, formerly a captain in the 100th Regiment. They were undrilled and badly armed, and inferior in numbers to the French, who garrisoned the fort to the number of six or seven hundred. It was the intention to try and take it by a *coup de main*, but the plan was frustrated by a violent snowstorm, and the design having become known, the force dispersed. Some messages had passed between Riel and this force, and it seems to have been understood that it should be allowed to disperse without hindrance, and that the prisoners would still be released. However, on their way back to the Portage forty-seven of the party, including Major Boulton and Thos. Scott, were captured. Boulton was tried by court mar-

tial and condemned to be shot. His fate appeared to be irrevocable, and he had received the last sacrament, but at the eleventh hour Riel, at the urgent intercession of Mr. Donald A. Smith and other friends, relented. On the 28th of February the promise was repeated that the prisoners would be set at liberty, but on the 4th of March, suddenly and without any apparent reason, the President caused Thos. Scott to be tried by a court martial, composed wholly of French half-breeds and presided over by Lepine. The proceedings were conducted in French, a language which Scott did not understand. Condemned to be shot, the execution was ordered for the same day, and the strongest remonstrances failed to make the tyrant swerve from his purpose. Scott was taken out and shot before the walls of Fort Garry, the execution being carried out in



Firing Party.

O'Lone. Kennedy.

O'Donoghue. Riel.

The Coffin.

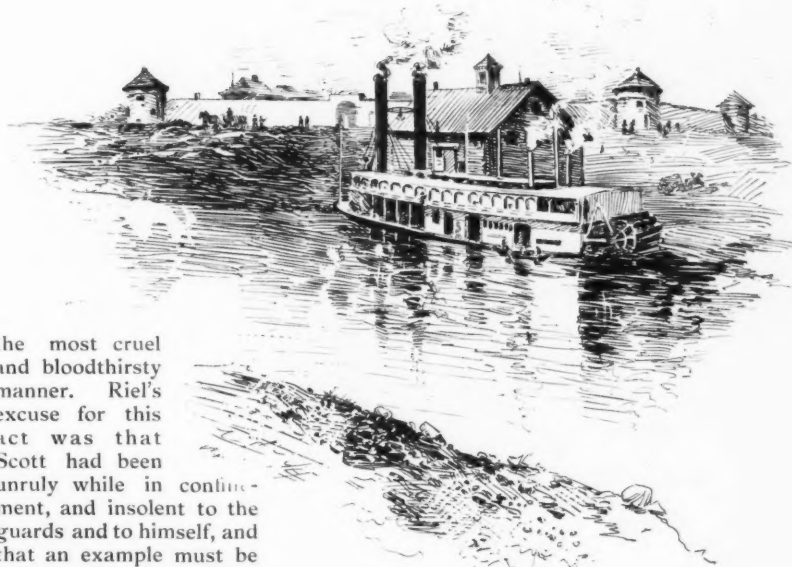
Rev. G. Young.

The Victim.

Alfred Scott.

## THE DEATH OF THOMAS SCOTT.

(Reproduced from an original sketch made shortly after the tragedy.)



REDRAWN FROM "PICTURESQUE CANADA."

FORT GARRY IN 1870.

The Hudson's Bay Co.'s Warehouse and Steamer are in the foreground.

the most cruel and bloodthirsty manner. Riel's excuse for this act was that Scott had been unruly while in confinement, and insolent to the guards and to himself, and that an example must be made so that the people of Canada should respect those of Red River.

The story of the execution of Scott is so graphically told in his "Manitoba Memories," by Rev. Geo. Young, who was with him till the last, that it may be here repeated :

The eleventh hour had now come, and as we were engaged in spiritual exercises, Scott inquiring and I answering, and both pleading with God for the mercy and grace so much needed, we were interrupted and startled by the entrance of several guards, who were sent to bind and blindfold the prisoner and to lead him out to the place appointed for his execution. All hope of deliverance vanished at once. At my request the guards withdrew for a few minutes to allow us another opportunity for prayer, but this delay gave annoyance to Riel, who came to the door vociferating his reproofs and orders as if intent on hurrying up the execution, or murder, about to be perpetrated. The only request made by Mr. Scott was to be permitted to bid his fellow-prisoners "good-bye," which was granted. As I led him to their rooms and opened the doors, he with wonderful calmness and tenderness said "Good-bye, boys." We were

then conducted down the outside stairway and through the east gate of the fort to the spot where the sentence was to be carried out. As we were moving slowly forward, the following words were uttered by him, which I can never forget, and which I have often repeated since that sad hour : "This is horrible! This is cold-blooded murder. Be sure to make a true statement." Twenty-seven years have elapsed, and on many a platform and frequently through the press I have tried to obey, as I am now obeying, that solemn injunction. At my request we were again allowed a brief season of prayer, and kneeling in the snow we unitedly lifted our hearts to God for help in this time of special need. "Can you now trust in Christ for salvation?" I asked. To my great comfort he replied, "I think I can." And after advising him to remain kneeling, and by his request placing the blindfolding cotton more directly over his eyes, we bade each other a solemn "good-bye." Immediately after, I spoke to the captain commanding the firing party, urging him to spare his life at least a day longer. I was told promptly, "His time is come and he must



die," and then speaking to O'Donohue I said, "I know you have the power to stay the execution for a day longer. Will you not do so? It is dreadful to send a soul into eternity with so little time for preparation." He admitted that it was, but simply said, "It is very far gone," and did not interfere. The poor, brave Loyalist was then placed in such a position as they desired, a few yards east of the present track of the street railway, when he again knelt in the snow. Then, at the signal given, several rebel bullets were sent on their mission of death, into and completely through his breast, causing the snow to be stained and saturated with his heart's blood, while his spirit quickly passed from the presence of his murderers to the presence of God. Immediately after the firing I approached the prostrate body, then quivering in death, and saw a half-drunken guard fire a revolver at his head. Thus it was, in brief, that those who were responsible for this tragedy reached a terrible climax in crime and cruelty.

After this bloodthirsty exhibition of power none cared to dispute the authority of Riel, and he ruled the settlement with a rod of iron. His act, of course, put an end to all negotiations, and henceforth any peaceful settlement of the difficulties was out of the question. When the news of this cold-blooded murder reached Canada it created intense indignation. Public meetings were held throughout Ontario, and strong resolutions passed urging the government to despatch a force to Red River to restore the Queen's authority and punish the murderers of Scott. When the delegates from Fort Garry arrived at Ottawa with the Bill of Rights, two of them—Father Richot and Alfred Scott—were arrested as accessories to the murder, but after a formal examination they

were set at liberty, as nothing could be proved against them. To the previous desire to possess the fertile prairies was now added a deep feeling of sympathy with the relatives of the murdered man, and a longing to avenge the death of one whose only crime was loyalty to his Queen and devotion to his country.

In the Province of Quebec a different feeling was manifested. While the murder of Scott could not be condoned, the sympathies of the people were with Riel, their fellow-countryman of French extraction. The French members of parliament would not consent to the necessary appropriation to send out an armed force if coercive measures were to be employed, and as it would be next to impossible to carry the measure in the face of their opposition, fair promises were resorted to. They were assured that the troops, when they arrived in Manitoba, would be used only for the protection of property and the maintenance of law and order, in fact, that they were going more in the capacity of police than of soldiers. Had a force not been sent, the people of Ontario would undoubtedly have taken the matter into their own hands, and organized an armed body of emigrants sworn to avenge the death of Scott.

The government was between two fires, kindled by their own maladministration. But public opinion in Ontario was too strong to be resisted, the money was voted, and the organization of the expedition proceeded with.

(To be continued.)







## ANEROESTES THE GAUL

*A Fragment of the Second Punic War.*

BY EDGAR MAURICE SMITH.

**DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS:** The story opens in the year B.C. 218, a day or two after Hannibal had crossed the Alps into Gallia Cisalpina (Northern Italy). To arouse his worn and weary soldiers, Hannibal chose two captured Gauls to engage in gladiatorial combat, the prize being freedom, a warhorse and the full equipment of a cavalryman. The winner is one Aneroeestes, who, his home having been destroyed by Hannibal's troops, enlists in the Carthaginian cavalry for service in the war against Rome. The Army sets out on the march to Rome, but stops to lay siege to Taurasia. Hannibal sends Aneroeestes into the city as a spy, with instructions that he is to open a rear gate when the front wall has been broken down. He pretends to be a deserter and obtains admittance, has a chat with Agates, the chief of the inhabitants, and falls in love with his daughter, Princess Ducaria.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### THE ASSAULT.

**H**ANNIBAL had carried on his preparations with vigour, and before noon of the second day a monster ram was propelled towards the city under cover of a testudo. A section of the wall facing the camp, but not too close to the gate, was chosen as the point of attack. Those apportioned to work the engine, though they numbered nearly five score, were also protected by the testudo, and were thus enabled to advance without serious danger. In their wake marched a mixed body of slingers and light infantry, who, however, halted just beyond range of the enemy's missiles. They formed a small vanguard to the army proper, drawn up in order of battle further back. On either wing was

posted the cavalry, and the foot soldiers were massed in the centre. All were held in readiness as the opposing walls were loosely built, if massive, and none could foretell when a breach of sufficient importance might be made to warrant a storming. It was, moreover, expected that so imposing an array would make the enemy afraid to exercise any open manœuvring.

Though late in November, the air was balmy and pleasant. The sun had risen unseen behind a bank of voluminous clouds, but by degrees its gleams penetrated the more filmy portions and peeped through the rifts, dispelling the early winter gloom, and emblazoning the arms of the soldiers.

Every eye was turned on the testudo as it crept slowly forward. It was of necessity large—nearly forty feet deep, and little less in width—and while

roughly built, was fitted to withstand much. In shape it resembles a hut, but in order to permit the workings within of the ram, it was open at either end, though the front was protected by a short roof that slanted outwards. The frame was of heavy wooden beams. Over the sides and roof were stretched numerous fresh hides stuffed with chaff and weeds which had been soaked in vinegar. This process rendered the structure well nigh fire proof. Small, heavy wheels were attached to the base and enabled a body of men to push it forward without much effort, though the ram which ran the length of the testudo, and extended behind and before, added much to the weight. This instrument of attack, though simple in device, was rapid and effective in its work. A single beam—in this instance the trunk of an ash—some hundred feet in length, was suspended by chains to another beam fixed transversely over it against the roof of the testudo. It could thus be moved to and fro without the weight resting on the soldiers.

Hannibal smiled at the assurance so prevalent on all sides, for he read in it an early victory. He personally directed the placing in position of the testudo, and from nearby superintended its operations for some time. He saw that the masonry would not long bear up against the attack, and he exhorted his followers with encouraging words.

"Spare not your strength," said he. "To-morrow the city will be ours."

None doubted that his prophecy would come true, and a ferocious enthusiasm pervaded the army.

The workers of the ram were relieved at short intervals, and there was no weakening in the blows. Men of every nationality threw aside their clothes before seizing the beam, and with wild shouts hurled the rudely shaped head against the wall of stone.

Meantime the besieged were inactive. They had watched the approach of the engine in wonderment. Few, save Agates, had ever seen a testudo; yet none were afraid, for they possessed an unwarranted confidence in the strength of the defences.

"The army is assembled as though a storming were intended," remarked Britomar, while he surveyed the mass drawn in line of battle.

Agates called attention to the testudo that had halted about sixty feet from where they stood. A little later the ram was seen to draw back, then shoot forward with a terrific force, propelled by a hundred pairs of arms. The metal head struck the wall with a dull thud that echoed like thunder. Pieces of loose clay and stone became displaced, and rattled down the sides with much noise.

At an order from the chief a jagged rock was rolled to the edge of the battlements, and when the ram next advanced, this was hurled upon it. But the beam was a heavy one, and nothing was effected, except that the force of the blow was slightly weakened.

Soon the engine began to work more rapidly, and the prolonged poundings startled the inhabitants. They assembled in prominent places, followed by their wives, and excitedly discussed the impending danger. The children left alone in the huts crept to the openings and cried piteously. Many among the warriors were thoroughly alarmed, for they disliked this strange mode of warfare.

Some of the women encouraged the violent to organize a sally and destroy the enemy's machine—a plan that appealed to their restiveness. But the wiser knew this would be fatal in the face of the army, though they experienced difficulty in making their caution prevail.

The ram pounded away without cessation, and when a breach was at last made, terror spread throughout the city. Though the opening was small there were many who imagined it more serious, while others feared, and with reason, that it signified the beginning of the city's downfall. Inner defences were rapidly constructed at the weakening spots, and men were apportioned off to repair the damage as soon as darkness fell.

Ducaria attended her father whenever possible. With the increase of

danger she seemed to become filled with an enthusiasm that gradually communicated itself to those with whom she mingled.

"Be patient," she said, "and act according to my father's orders. He is a wise leader and will advise you to do what is best."

Aneroestes had watched the movements of the women for some time, though his eyes rarely moved from Ducaria. Her attractiveness and rare beauty seemed to exercise a spell over him of which he could not rid himself. Barbarian though he was, his better instincts revolted at the idea of giving up these creatures to the despoiling hand of the conqueror. In the precipitous ravines of the Alps he had once been mighty, a leader and the son of a chieftain, but he had seen the homes of his tribe destroyed, and many of the bravest killed or taken prisoners. He had been willing to inflict similar punishment upon the warriors of another nation to free those of his own, but the thought—the sight—of Ducaria stayed his intention. To war against women was distasteful to him, and he grew troubled when he thought of what the morrow would bring forth.

He gazed abstractedly about him. The day was now on the wane and the sun poured its rays upon the backs of the Carthaginian soldiers, gilding their helmets and throwing long war-like shadows against the city.

As his gaze again swept the plain the figure of Hannibal, surrounded by several of his staff, loomed up distinctly.

"Yes, it is he," he muttered.

"Who?" asked Agates.

The mountaineer started in surprise for he had unconsciously spoken what was passing in his mind.

"My sight is good," he replied, "and though the light from the sun is strong, I can discern the Carthaginian general."

"Where?"

"Directly in the centre, not far behind the testudo. He is riding a black horse. You can distinguish him by his purple mantle and his size. He is much the largest of the group."

Agates looked as directed as did many of the others. Ducaria made a shade of her hand and gazed long at the hostile army.

"Is he as noble as some say?" she asked.

"He is noble," answered Aneroestes, "but when balked in a design he is fierce and cruel. We could hope for but little mercy from him."

"It would be well if he were killed," remarked Concolitanus savagely.

"He has captains more ferocious than himself."

"But he is the head."

"True," assented Aneroestes, "but he lives," and his eyes again became fixed on Ducaria.

Concolitanus was not slow to perceive this, but a cry from below prevented him from saying anything. A large stone had been dislodged and had crushed two men.

The Taurini anxiously waited for nightfall. It came none too soon, for the wall was sorely damaged when the last blow was struck for the day. The breach was not sufficiently large to threaten a further falling away of the stones, but a close inspection showed that it would poorly stand another day's battering. Repairs were instituted without delay, and the light from the pine torches revealed anxious-faced warriors toiling under heavy burdens.

Britomar, who well understood the art of building, superintended the work. The jagged hole was repaired after several hours and an inner wall erected some thirty feet in length. This would practically take the place of the main structure in front when it should tumble. All now saw that their safety lay not in the walls.

Aneroestes was almost continually with Agates, for the latter, while at first suspicious, had since found confidence in the muscular mountaineer. He had all along secretly admired the fearlessness that had marked his entrance into the city, as well as the manner in which he had defied Concolitanus. Now he trusted him completely, and he further valued his

opinions on the means that should be taken in the defence of the city. Perhaps he was touched at the young man's thought for the women and his wish to place them beyond danger. At midnight he said:—

"It is late. Get you to sleep, for I will watch till morning."

But Anerostes refused.

"I, too, will remain on guard," he said, "though there will be no attack before morning."

They stood together and watched the enemy's camp-fires. The mountaineer was surprised to learn that messengers had been dispatched early in the night to the kindred tribes living about the Padus, asking for assistance to repel the invader.

"Our walls may not survive," explained Agates, "and we must take every precaution."

Presently they were joined by several of the leaders, and the plan for the morrow was discussed with much animation.

"To me," said Britomar, "it seems the wisest course to concentrate the main body of our men at this portion of the wall where the attack is directed. Then if a breach of any magnitude is made we will be strong enough to resist the enemy's entrance."

"Nevertheless," responded Agates, "I dislike weakening the other points of the wall. It must be remembered that we have three gates, though the one facing the east is unlikely to be attacked."

Anerostes trembled, for this was the gate he was to open.

"It is our only way of retreat should the city fall," continued the chief. "It is by this road that our women may escape."

"Is it the only way?" asked the mountaineer.

"There is one other, but this is sufficient. The distance to the Padus is not great. On the far side of the river, rafts are concealed of sufficient size to transport all who may wish to go."

"But," persisted Anerostes, "the enemy may cut off this means of retreat."

"It is not likely."

"There should be no risks. The Carthaginian is wily and will surely cut off every avenue of escape. No gate will pass his notice."

"You speak so earnestly that one might almost believe you to be positive of the enemy's plans," said Concolitanus.

"I know the ways of the General," said Anerostes quietly, "and I warn you to depend on no ordinary road to escape."

"We may not wish to escape," said one.

"But the women?"

"They, too, may prefer to remain with us. But the city is not yet taken, and the walls are still stout. The engines of the enemy may make further breaches, but we will rebuild them as we have done to-night, and when all else fails we can stop the way with our bodies."

It was Concolitanus who uttered the re-assuring words, and the effect was as wine to those who heard him.

Anerostes admired his courage, but he hated him for his attention to Ducaria. He wished to save her—to save the city, but the rattle of slave chains resounded in his ears, and peering into the inky darkness he fancied he saw those fair young men of his tribe—his brothers—writhing under the lash—bleeding, maimed and praying for death.

He watched the approach of morn with burning eyes that had not closed all night; and yet he felt no need of rest. It was on this day he was to open the gate to Himilco, and so give the Carthaginian army possession of the city. When he undertook this mission he had felt no compunction, for the Taurini were little more than strangers to him. He was, besides, striving for the freedom of those young men of his tribe who even now writhed in slave chains. The thought of this nerved his failing determination. Hannibal's wrath he could brave if Ducaria might be saved, but he shrank from breaking his vow when he remembered the tortures that would be visited on his fellows.

He watched the preparations being carried on in the waking camp with feelings altogether new to his disposition. Knowing that he must not disappoint those who were dependent on him, he, at the same time, found it impossible to leave Ducaria to the mercy of the soldiers. True, he might save her, provided she would allow him to do so, but there came the difficulty. Were she even to suspect his intentions her indignation would be aroused and it would then be but natural for her to announce his treachery to the whole city.

Though he stood alone he was conscious of being watched. While his counsels were well received by Agates and the head men of the city, the spirit of caution never forsook them. Aneroestes knew, however, that when the time came in the midst of the storming he could easily slip away unnoticed and perform the task assigned to him.

Slowly the sun rose above the top of the gentle Ligurian hills; and the murmuring Padus, so dark and impenetrable a few moments before, now danced in the flood of yellow light. The Duria ending its course a few stades below also partook of the radiance and dazzled the eyes of those who gazed upon it.

The Carthaginian camp was distinctly visible to those in the city, and it was seen that though the day was but newly born all haste was being made to renew the attack.

Suddenly a shrill cry was heard from the watchers on the walls—a cry expressive of rage, sorrow and disappointment. It was answered by the jeers and laughter of the enemy. The cause was easily discernible. Two rough crosses faced the rising sun and on each was nailed a man. The Taurini recognized the bodies as those of the spies who had left the city in the night to make their way across the Padus.

Aneroestes was greatly troubled for he now knew that all hope for the city was at an end. He was sad at heart, yet he felt that the hopelessness of the situation made his projected action less difficult.

His meditations were interrupted by the approach of Concolitanus who accosted him maliciously.

"Your countenance reflects not joy," he said. "Does fear possess the warrior of the mountains at sight of the spies nailed to the crosses? It is an unpleasant form of death and one to be avoided."

"I have no cause for fear, and therefore fear not."

"You do not, then, anticipate such a death? Is Hannibal more merciful to those who play him false?"

"I fight for whom I will," answered Aneroestes sullenly. "While I hold a sword none shall make me prisoner."

"You talk bravely, yet I doubt your good purpose."

"It matters not to me. Others more worthy believe in me."

The approach of Agates with Britomar and several others checked a continuance of the discussion, but the two young men exchanged looks of defiance and dislike.

"The enemy watches us closely," said the chief. "It is unfortunate that both our messengers should have been captured. His soldiers must surround the city, and in that case we shall have to rely altogether on ourselves."

"Already they are preparing for the attack," said Britomar. "I will proceed to my place and be in readiness when the first blow is struck."

Just then a cry of surprise broke from Aneroestes.

"What is it?" asked the chief.

"See you naught?"

"I do indeed see the whole Carthaginian army stretched out before me, but there are no more than were repulsed yesterday."

"But yesterday there was one ram; to-day there are two, and even now both are advancing."

"That increases the danger," muttered Britomar.

The others strained their eyes in the direction of the engines and showed an uneasiness that had not been before apparent.

"Both rams," declared the chief, "are bearing towards the part of the



wall that was attacked yesterday."

"Hasten, Britomar, and see that everything is in readiness. I shall join you presently. It is true," he added to those nearby, "that the enemy now have two rams and the dangers of yesterday will be doubled, but we number full as many as our opponents, and should the walls fall we can defend ourselves like brave men."

"And the women?" murmured Aneroestes.

"They may escape by the small gate facing the Padus. The Carthaginian is concentrating his attack on the front. He has no knowledge of our rafts and believes escape across the river impossible."

But the mountaineer shook his head.

"All gates are watched," he said.

"Two of your most wary spies failed in the night to pass the sentries and what hope can there be for women in the light of day?"

"What, then, would you advise?"

"Undermine the wall where it faces the fork of the rivers and construct a passage. If the women are to escape by the rear gate a start should be made at once, but the escort should be little short of the whole force."

"The mountaineer is much concerned over the fate of our women," said Concolitanus.

"Too much so," added another.

"Our women will not fly until the last," shouted a third.

"It may then be too late," retorted Aneroestes.

Angry eyes were turned upon this man who openly predicted defeat.

"To-day at least we are safe," said the chief, "so we need not fear for the present."

Aneroestes turned away. He knew that Himilco and his men must already be secreted among the trees bordering the Padus.

By this time the testudos had come within short range. The head men of the Taurini dispersed to their several stations to be ready for the first attack. It was not long in coming, and the besieged soon saw that the whole force was to be directed against the one spot.

All capable of dealing a blow were assembled at the threatened points. Some few were weighted with years and others again suffered from immaturity; but a burning determination shone in every eye and strengthened the weakest arm.

They were splendid looking warriors—these Taurini—tall, supple and powerfully built—points which were particularly noticeable in the more energetic. Some were completely ungirt save for a cloth about the loins, while others were content to remain naked to the waist. The fair skin of their bodies blended artistically with the thick yellow hair piled in towers on the tops of their heads, while several permitted it to float loosely about their shoulders.

Aneroestes gazed at them in admiration, but he knew that though brave and fearless they would be no match for Hannibal's subtlety, and he regretted having been chosen to open the gate for he loved the sight of valiant warriors.

Numberless rocks, blocks of wood and tree trunks had been heaped along the wall, and men were posted close together to hurl the massive pieces upon the besiegers. Beside them stood the slingers with others lightly armed.

Agates hoped that this arrangement would keep the attack at a distance.

Quantities of darts steeped in pitch were also held in readiness, and it was expected that a thick flight would find some dry spots on the testudos. Some stood behind in the protection of the walls, for their services would be required in repelling a storming, while those wielding heavier weapons were assembled below as the making of a breach would likely be followed by an assault on the exposed part. Some were armed with iron-tipped spears of ash in addition to several javelins. Ob-long shields of brass furnished them with a means of defence. The main number favoured the Gallic sword, which, though useless for thrusting, was wonderfully effective in the hands of a powerful man. Others again car-



ried heavy clubs, studded with spikes, and for one of these Aneroeses had gladly exchanged his sword. It was the kind of weapon he had used in the wilds of the mountains.

He noticed that the women of the tribe were busy preparing food and carrying it close to the walls so that while fighting the soldiers could refresh themselves. Among them he distinguished Ducaria who turned away in confusion as their eyes met. How greatly that glance shook his resolve, he was afraid to think.

His whole being was afire with excitement.

Hannibal's army had, since the early morning, been drawn up in line of battle in the same order as the day previous, save that the slingers did not head the van but were stationed on either side in equal numbers. The whole, too, was much nearer, almost within range of the Taurinian weapons. Desultory shots from the slings were indulged in without any effect save to increase the fervour of battle that had settled upon the men of both sides.

When everything was made ready in the ranks of the Carthaginians, the two rams under cover of stout testudos advanced slowly to the attack. The point chosen was the same that gave way the day previous.

And now a hush overspread all, for the besieging party knew not what steps would be taken by the defenders while on the other hand, the latter were impressed with the magnitude of the engines. It seemed as though one and all realized that a decisive battle would be fought.

Nervous fingers closed more tightly on weapons, and the bravest breathed more quickly.

The testudos did not halt until within sixty feet of the wall, but, before the rams could be got to work a shower of blazing darts was hurled against the leather coverings.

The war shouts of the Taurini broke upon the stillness with such force and defiance that the men of the opposing host looked askance and muttered

among themselves: "This is no ordinary enemy; we shall lose many ere the city is taken."

But Hannibal and his officers smiled.

They waited for the hour of noon when Himilco and his troop would effect an entrance at the rear gate.

"I trust the mountaineer will not fail us," said Maharbal.

"He will not," answered Hannibal, "provided he lives."

The rain of blazing darts had no visible effect upon the testudos, and in a few moments the first blow was struck—a powerful, deliberate blow, propelled by five score pairs of arms, causing the whole masonry to tremble.

The two rams were about thirty feet apart, and the obvious intention of the Carthaginians was to demolish the section in between. This, with the several additional feet on either side that would fall with the rest, would make a dangerous gap. And now the blows followed one after the other in rapid succession. In answer to each, pieces of stone varying in size became severed from their places. They fell outward and inward, raising wreaths of dust that troubled the eyes of the defenders.

The part of the wall that had been rebuilt seemed to stand the attack better than the old, as the clay was still wet and did not crumble from the constant vibration.

It was only a matter of time before the breach would be made, and in truth the Taurini were as anxious as the enemy to come to a hand to hand conflict. But the exchange of missiles continued without abatement, for with the opening of the attack the Baleares had advanced and poured showers of stones into the city. Many of those mounted on the walls fell, and while the Taurinian slingers answered the besiegers they hardly inflicted as severe punishment.

Concolitanus had chosen to post himself at the point of attack and had hurled more than one javelin with telling force. Clustered about him were many choice warriors, and he had induced Aneroeses to stand near by for

he wished to exhibit his prowess to the mountaineer.

Amidst the thickest flights of stones and darts he laughed carelessly and remained ever watchful for an advantage. Suddenly his eyes blazed more brightly and his thin nostrils expanded in excitement.

"Is that not Hannibal on the black horse?" he asked his companions.

All looked in the direction indicated, and those who knew him recognized the Carthaginian general.

"It is he," said Anerostes.

Concolitanus seized a javelin, but the mountaineer forestalled him and had hurled one before any guessed his intent. It fell short by only a few feet and all exclaimed, for the distance was beyond that which could be covered by an ordinary man.

"You throw well," hissed Concolitanus, "but I would you had left the work for me."

"I did my best," answered Anerostes. "When he again approaches you may perhaps do better."

"He will not again approach after that warning," muttered the Taurinian warrior in an undertone, while the others applauded the mountaineer's attempt.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### AT THE GATE.

While the Taurini suffered from the missiles of the enemy they fought with unabated fury and continued to pour the blazing darts upon the roots of the testudos. The perpetuity of this form of attack eventually began to tell, and in spite of the precautions taken by the Carthaginians smoke denoted that a hole had become burnt in one of the coverings. Though small in dimensions it was soon enlarged to such an extent that the engine had to be withdrawn in order to undergo certain repairs. This slight advantage greatly encouraged the defenders and they redoubled their efforts.

Suddenly the lines of the army parted and a score of sappers appeared in the wake of a body of soldiers, fully armed

and holding their oblong shields before and above them so as to form a veritable testudo of metal. The sappers carried no visible weapons but each one was supplied with a pick axe, and it was at once evident that they were to hasten the work of the rams.

The whole advanced at a quick, steady pace that was uninterrupted by the resistance of those on the battlements. For with the near approach of the strange body the Taurini were able to hurl the heavier javelins to advantage, while the trunks and jagged rocks greeted them when within the shadow of the wall.

Numbers fell, borne down by the weight of the missiles or stunned by the force of the javelins, but no gaps were left in the formation as it pressed onward. Supported by an unceasing rain of stones discharged from the slings of the Baleares, a position was taken up at the foot of the battlements immediately between the points attacked by the rams.

Amid the din of the battle the clink of the picks soon rang out clear and distinct.

Then the second ram which had been re-covered, moved forward, and as its blows joined in with the destructive work of the other, the chief men of the city admitted that the wall would not long stand. Already a small breach had been made by constant battering, and the falling away of the clay signified a more serious mishap. Nevertheless, the Taurini continued their efforts and in every way endeavoured to repel the assault.

The more impetuous demanded that a sally should be made, but this was impossible as Hannibal had wisely chosen to direct his attack against a part of the wall some distance from any gate. Consequently a movement from within would be met by the full strength of the army. Thus the workers of the engines and those with the picks were certain of being free from molestation.

Anerostes had rendered valuable assistance in raising an inner wall, but he handled the stones nervously for the

hour was close at hand when he was to open the gate to Himilco. The advance of the sappers was the first signal, the second and last was to be the falling of the wall. This he knew would not be long in happening.

His eager eyes sought for Ducaria among the women but he was unable to distinguish her, so great was the confusion. He wondered if any of the enemy's missiles had pierced her soft skin, but he writhed when he pictured her in the hands of the Carthaginian soldiery.

The fatal time drew near but he worked on, tearing his hands on the rough edges of the stones—panting and wild-eyed with suppressed excitement.

Three hours had passed since the opening of the day's attack and the struggle had become maddening. The dull boom of the rams thundered throughout the place and caused the timid to look longingly towards the broad Padus that flowed between them and safety.

The clink of the sappers' picks was now scarcely heard so great was the tumult, but the ruinous work went on, impeded at times, though unchecked. The rams were being worked magnificently. Stark naked, the men bent to their task with shouts, and each blow, seemingly harder than the one previous, re-echoed the success of their efforts.

Hannibal was confident that the tottering wall would soon give way, and not wishing to lose more of his soldiers than was necessary, he recalled the sappers, who by this time had successfully undermined a large portion. The rams would easily complete the work.

Agates likewise saw this, but inner walls were being rapidly raised behind the threatened places and he did not fear for the present.

All the heavy armed soldiers were held in readiness. Aneroestes was among the number, his war club grasped firmly and the upper part of his body freed of all clothing. He had as yet had little opportunity to slip

away, though he had not sought to do so. The reappearance of Ducaria held him to the spot, and she had smiled on him as he laboured.

The picture of his suffering kinsmen faded from his mind.

At last they who were waiting for the closer struggle saw the weakened section of the wall totter on its foundations, then fall inward with a mighty crash that drowned all minor sounds. The atmosphere became clouded with a grimy dust. When it cleared a gap thirty or more feet in width was revealed to the two armies, and for a moment the sight appalled the defenders. But they stood close to their inner wall and met the fierce onslaught of the enemy.

And now the air became filled with shrieks and yells that chilled the blood of women, but wrought the combatants to greater fury. Though a low wall separated them they in reality stood face to face, for many of the Taurini had rushed forward to meet the storming party and engaged with them almost before their feet trod the soil of the city.

For hours both sides had vented an unquenchable hatred at long range, but now sword crossed sword, and the clanging blows rang out in hideous discord.

Eager warriors, assailing and defending, poured into the breach, but the latter had the advantage of being able to concentrate a greater number without being subjected to attack from above, and the Carthaginians suffered much from this quarter. Massive stones crushed many midway in their advance, and well-aimed javelins pierced the stoutest armour. The long ash spears, tipped with metal, were used with great effect by the Taurini, though the more aggressive wielded swords similar to those of their antagonists. These consisted mainly of Insabres. Shields of varied shapes littered the ground, for in their excitement to kill these weapons of defence hampered the fighters' movements.

Hannibal viewed the scene with satisfaction. He commanded on horse-

back not far from the breach—an imposing figure, in his armour of golden scales that reflected prismatic beams with every motion. A gorgeous helmet, surrounded by a crest of horse-hair, encased his head and made him the more conspicuous. The soldiers were inspired by his near presence, for he was one of those rare men who ever win the love of their inferiors without lessening their power over them. He had ordered a body of Gauls to first storm the breach, as he wished to spare his own more valuable infantry, and these new-made allies bade fair to do the work to his liking. In all respects were they equal to the defenders, and racial hate intensified their energy to the point of brilliant action. Scores fell, but others were ever ready to fill their places, and the battle gathered in fury as it progressed.

Forgetful or regardless of his mission, Anerostes fought in the van, and his mighty club, tracing rapid circles in the air, descended upon the head and shoulders of more than one Gaul with deadly effect. Assailed on all sides, he seemed possessed of an energy to fight an army, and those nearby marvelled. But suddenly he ceased and stood with gaping mouth and eyes fixed upon the breach. His strange behaviour was not noticed by the struggling warriors, nor did they see him slowly withdraw from their midst.

With the fever of war upon him, he had caught sight of Hannibal, and the glimpse of that imposing figure transformed his advance into a retreat. He saw in the stern visage no mercy for those of his own tribe should he fail in his duty, and he shivered at the thought of the tortures he would bring upon them. Without further consideration he made his way to the rear. Once beyond the line he hurried towards the small gate, for the time was passed when he should have been there.

As he sped through the city he took no heed of the old men who had crawled to the doors of the huts, and, anxious to know how the battle progressed, called out to him in shrill, quavering voices. Neither did he heed the cries

of the women who beat their bare breasts in anguish and invoked the protection of the Gods for themselves and their helpless babes. A boy ran out as though to intercept him, but he roughly pushed him aside, and a hail of pain mingled with the more distant noises. Once he tripped and fell heavily, but he was up again in an instant and continued the more madly on his course.

And all the time he retained his club, for something told him he would have need of it ere Himilco entered the city.

Eventually he came within sight of the gate, and the two guards awaited his approach in wonderment, for he seemed scarce human and his speed was terrific.

"Has the city fallen?" cried out one.

But Anerostes vouchsafed no reply and raised his club as though to strike. Seeing this both men rushed at him with their swords, but he jumped to one side and brought his weapon down upon the man nearest to him. He guarded, but the blow smashed his weapon and struck his shoulder with no light force. With a cry of terror he fled, and the mountaineer was left face to face with the remaining guard, who with commendable alacrity reached at him and pierced his arm. But in doing so he left himself exposed, and a crunching blow battered his head into a pulp. Then the victor ran to the wall and waved his arms violently, for this was the signal agreed upon.

Anerostes paused for breath and the noise of the battle smote upon his awakening senses.

The excitement at an end he began to think more of his surroundings. But the clatter of the approaching troops now became audible, and he was about to advance towards the gate when his arm was seized in a nervous grasp and turning in amazement, for he had heard no footsteps, he found himself confronted by Ducaria.

For a moment he gazed at her; then his eyes fell. Her face was stern and he guessed that she knew his intentions.

It was for him to speak but he said nothing.

The girl had evidently been exerting herself in no small degree for her breath came quickly and in gasps.

"What is it you are doing?" she asked. "A Taurinian warrior lies dead at your feet, crushed by your club, and another flies wounded through the city proclaiming you as a spy and a traitor. What means it all?"

Then Aneroeates answered without looking up.

"I am in the service of Hannibal and have agreed to open this gate to a body of his soldiers. Even now they are near at hand. If you listen you will hear them."

"Traitor!" cried the girl. "You shall not do it."

"I will, I must. Hannibal relies on me and I have sworn by the Gods to do his bidding."

"And will you sacrifice the lives of brave men by treachery? Will you give the women into the hands of the soldiers and have children slain before the eyes of their mothers? You who expressed concern over our fate! And I believed in you though Concolitanus warned me to beware!"

With hair dishevelled and eyes aglow with anger she inveighed against him, while her griptightened on a dagger that she drew from the folds of her gown.

The mountaineer saw the subtle movement but expressed no fear.

"I acted not for myself," he said, "nor for riches, would I betray the city, but I am bound to the Carthaginian. Thirty young men of my tribe are held prisoners by him as I was, and their bodies suffer from hunger and the scourge. They also mourn for their lost liberty. If I am false to my promise they, not I, will suffer, while my success will break the slave chains that bind them. I can do naught but open the gate. Even now the soldiers are outside demanding admittance and I hear the voice of Himilco. Let me pass, I pray you," and Aneroeates attempted to push her aside.

But Ducaria only looked the more fierce.

"I will not let you pass," she answered. "You strive for the freedom of your brethren and by doing so you enslave mine. I will not loose my hold while strength is in me. I saw you in the fight striving nobly against many, then I saw you stop as if smitten with fear, and when you hastened away I followed you though you outran me. Woman though I am I shall defend the city as long as life lasts."

"Then kill me. In this way only can I fail to fulfil my vow. Your hand fondles a dagger, let it smite my heart and so rid me of my task. But, I pray you hasten, for Himilco will not long remain patient."

Ducaria stared at him in astonishment. She raised her arm, but only for an instant. Then her fingers relaxed their hold and the weapon fell to the ground.

"It would be kind to strike," whispered Aneroeates.

"I cannot."

"Death alone frees me. To save the city I must not spare myself," and bending down the warrior picked up the fallen dagger.

But Ducaria stayed his arm and looked rather than spoke her pleadings.

The mountaineer fell on his knees.

"I will be your servant," said he huskily. "For your sake I will not open this gate even though my brethren suffer for my faithlessness."

Ducaria seized his hand. He rose to his feet and for a few moments they stood silently with fingers interlaced.

All the time the Carthaginians without beat upon the gate and demanded instant admittance.

Suddenly a number of soldiers, pale-faced and out of breath, accompanied by as many women and children, came hastening towards the exit.

Unmindful of themselves both Ducaria and Aneroeates attempted to stay the flight, but there were too many to be influenced by what was said or to take note of the clamour without. The barriers were dragged away and, as the gate flew back, Himilco and his men appeared in the opening. The fugitives halted aghast, then, turning, fled in



the direction from which they had come, followed by a party of horsemen.

Himilco's keen eyes at once detected Aneroestes, who held Ducaria as though she were with him by force.

"You kept us long waiting," he said, for he could speak the Gallic language tolerably.

"I was attacked after giving the signal," answered the mountaineer, and he pointed to the corpse of the guard. "Besides, the fugitives interfered with me."

"And yet you seem to have benefited by their presence," remarked Himilco, meaningly, as his lustful eyes devoured the outlines of Ducaria's supple figure, "for you have captured a woman whose beauty I have never seen excelled. She befits not your station. Take her to my tent and I shall there reward you."

"But I do not wish to sell her," expostulated Aneroestes.

Himilco reined in his horse for a moment, though the others, with the exception of his attendants, had gone on, and he smiled yet more unpleasantly.

"Take her to my tent," he repeated, and do you, Cincibil," he added, turning to a Gaul, "accompany this man," after which he rode on to the scene of battle.

Meanwhile Ducaria had crept close to Aneroestes, for she gathered the meaning of Himilco's order, and as the cavalcade galloped forward she looked up appealingly at this strange man who stood beside her. He said nothing and seemed intent on the last writhings of a fleeing Taurinian whom the passing soldiers had struck down.

The Gaul, Cincibil, had dismounted and now advanced leisurely towards the pair. He was a large man and smiled at the consternation expressed on Ducaria's face.

"Come," he said, "you must change your lover and we had best move at once."

But she shrank away from him, while her eyes again appealed to Aneroestes.

"Come," continued the Gaul, im-

patiently. "The orders of Himilco will not wait," and with a rapid movement he seized the girl by the arm. She cried out as though in pain.

Aneroestes turned at the sound.

"Let her alone," he said.

Cincibil first looked surprised, then burst into a laugh.

"I have my orders," he retorted, "and they came from higher than you. If you refuse to accompany the girl I will carry her off myself. Come," and he more roughly took hold of her.

But with a growl like that of a wild beast, Aneroestes threw himself upon the man, and before any resistance could be offered, buried a dagger in his throat.

The blood spurted on to his face as he hurled the body from him. It fell to the ground a corpse, for the blow had been well aimed.

Ducaria looked on aghast.

"Why did you do it?" she asked.

"Himilco will surely be avenged on you."

"I care not. The man persecuted you. I will not deliver you to Himilco. Tell me where you can find safety and I shall take you there."

"Beyond the Padus we have kinsmen, and I might with them find refuge. But I cannot leave my father—perchance he is wounded," and the tears came to her eyes.

Then a sudden idea occurred to Aneroestes. Rushing forward to where Taurinian, whom he had slain, lay, he tore off the man's clothes and came back with them.

"There is yet a chance of escape," he said. "Attire yourself in these things. As a youth you may not attract notice."

And while she wavered he pressed her the more eagerly, so that at last she consented to make the change while he kept watch.

"For," he explained, "you will only sadden your father by remaining. To avoid Himilco and the Carthaginian soldiers you must do as I say."

But when she rejoined him disguised as a youth, he made no attempt to



conceal a deep disappointment that had settled on his face.

"What is it?" she asked tremblingly.

"We cannot escape. I see bands of Numidians in the field between here and the Padus. If we try to pass them they will surely strike us down."

"What, then, is to be done?"

"We must proceed to the Carthaginian camp and trust to your disguise."

"And if Himilco discovers me?"

"You have your dagger."

Ducaria understood.

*(To be continued.)*

### JONES OF THE 49TH.

"THE wildest man in the Forty-ninth,"  
So the others said; and Colonel Gray  
Kept eyes on him, and swore he'd tame  
The spirit of Private Jones, some day.

Of all the drinkin' an' swearin' men,  
Jones was the worst of the rippin' crew;  
A wonder it was that he wasn't drummed  
Out of the service, an' smartly too.

Always in trouble, but always gay,  
Singin' or cussin', as case might be;  
Dirty, untidy, an' yet for all,  
Better you wouldn't wish to see.

Some never thought him a fightin' man,  
Till one day out on the Western plain  
We saw the dust of a hostile band,  
An' face to face with the Injuns came.

I'll never forget, to my dyin' day,  
That painted crowd an' the fightin'. Jee!  
How the rifles rang. An' over it all,  
The smoke cloud hung till you couldn't see

The clear blue sky. An' then we drove  
At the dusky line, an' forced it too;—  
The old flag wavin' above our heads,  
As, cheerin', we followed the beggars through.

Till the Colonel fell, an' then the foe  
Swung round for a moment, an' sent their lead  
Plumb in our faces, an' towards the spot  
Where the brave old Colonel lay for dead,

Right in the line of the fightin' there,  
An' never a soul dare bring him in.  
Till all of a sudden I heerd a cheer  
That almost swallowed the fightin' din.

An' the good-for-nothin' Private Jones,  
Was totin' the body of Colonel Gray  
Away to the rear ; while the bullets sang,  
An' ripped the prairie jest where we lay.

We raised our voices, an' Private Jones  
Was cheered to the echo, again, again ;  
An' we tuk fresh courage, an' wheeled around,  
An' swept the enemy off the plain.

But Jones didn't jine us ; he wilted down,—  
" Here, take yer Colonel, I'm cussed ef I  
Can carry him further, my checks are in,  
Jest leave me here 'neath the Western sky."

We raised him gently ; but, far away,  
His gaze had wandered ; then, soft an' low  
We heerd him murmur a word or two ;  
Perhaps 'twas cussing'—we didn't know.

*B. Kelly.*

#### LOVELAND'S HARBOUR.

LET us wander, dearest maiden,  
By the ocean, silver-laden—  
There to watch the fleeing vessels as they softly disappear ;  
And to dream that we are sailing  
With a gentle breeze unfailing  
Into loveland's harbour with its charms forever dear.

There in dreams we'll roam together  
O'er the hills, among the heather,  
List'ning to the song-birds as they thrill with melody ;  
And feel the spell of winging,  
To the sound of joy-bells ringing,  
While our souls are soft uplifted in a nameless ecstasy.

There we'll dwell in dreams enchanted,  
With a love divinely planted,  
To grow thro' endless ages in an older, sweeter bliss ;  
And test the joy extending  
To the heart with life depending  
On the spirit of a vision, on the magic of a kiss.

Let us build a cot of flowers,  
And within its shady bowers  
Let us fold awhile our pinions and enjoy its welcom'd rest ;  
And as the lights are dying,  
Our hearts contented sighing,  
We will dream our world beloved is loveland's harbour  
blest.

*Hastings Weblyn.*

## OKANAGAN, OR BEETHOVEN ?

*A British Columbian Study in Colour Music.*

### ADAGIO CANTABILE.

THE subtle breeze of an autumn morning ran hushing through the pine tops ; softly, though with that suspicion of a crisper temperature which foretells so unerringly the approach of winter ; yet it was still early in October, and the woods had just begun their season of splendour by bursting into a revelry of variegated autumnal tints. The whole district of the Okanagan country lay steeped in luxuriant sunshine.

A subdued accompaniment to the landscape was formed by the whispering sigh of the wind as it rustled the flickering leaves on the cotton-wood trees—a tangle of sound, which sighed in murmuring contrast to the singing notes of a stream that came bickering down the mountain-side, and ultimately merged itself into the shining waters of the Salmon River.

With many a treble splash over its rocky bed, many a twist and turn within the narrow confines of the overgrown gully, the little icy stream flowing onward along its course, speeding swiftly from out the lake which gave it birth on the summit of Connop Mountain, and never pausing until with turbulent joy it swept into the river and oblivion at the same time.

As I strolled leisurely along the old stage-road which traverses the Okanagan Valley from Vernon to Ducks the stream-music grew more insistent on my ear, and rounding a bend of the highway, I perceived, not twenty yards off, the cause of the increased sound. With light and graceful touch the silvery cadences of a magnificent waterfall swelled and then died on the morning air, trilling an eternal melody as the clear volume of water rushed over the boulder-ledge, and precipitated itself headlong down into the abyss of a darkling pool.

Turning to the left there stretched before me a narrow strip of the valley, sun-steeped and beautiful. The road was bordered by snake-fences of heavy pine logs, along which the chipmunks frisked and chirruped in keen delight of existence, and on the upper side acres of semi-open park-land swept away to the foot of the hills which undulated towards the horizon. The foreground lay dotted with bull-pines, whose red boles showed brown and black in the shadows, the needles falling noiselessly on to the short slippery grass that carpeted the ground. A band of white-stemmed cotton-woods flanked the pine groves, and standing thus in dense masses (well-nigh impenetrable save to the ruffle-grouse and squirrels, whose homes they sheltered), the trunks gleamed in silver tones through their glowing robes of scarlet and golden leaves.

Leaving the highway, I turned my steps slowly up the mountain track, choosing an open glade for pathway, where fallen foliage and dry twigs crackled underfoot. Presently the ascent grew more arduous, and a quick succession of dominant sounds proclaimed the change of scenery. Here tussocky herbage had scared the ground, and the tree-stocked hills arose tier above tier in unending foliowment.

Up, up, I climbed ; now skirting a prominent boulder, now almost losing my way in a deep overgrown ravine, but ever and anon emerging again into sunlight, and sweet clear rhythm of noon-tide.

On gaining the height of my goal, I turned my eyes to the south. A swift harmonious modulation rang out, and the melody of nature responded. Far to the west were piled up range upon range of hills, some partly wooded, others again showing in places the hard

bones of rock through their soil-covering; escarped and jagged peaks alternated with sheer bluff facings of granite, where, sentinelled by mountain crags and cradled in solitude, lay a silent lake on whose placid bosom the mystery of the world slept.

Down at the foot of the eastern grey-green slopes, wine-stained here and there with intermittent shades, were the meadows of a rancher's homestead, its richly-verdant flats cut by the sharp scythe-sweep of the Salmon River.

#### PRESTO AGITATO.

The low mutterings of a coming movement quivered in the air. High noon was past, and the face of the sun darkened. Then there fell upon the landscape a hush of expectancy, ere with a chord of the seventh the atmospheric colouring whirled into a succession of abyssmal depths of tone. Here was no monochrome, but a multichrome of singular kaleidoscopic intensity. All the reserve forces of nature were gathering for a grand tempestuous climax. Wilder and fiercer became the struggle of the wind to overmaster creation, as the terrific harmonies of Heaven crashed and thundered around me where I clung panting and shaken to the face of a sheltering rock, clutching the sparse scrub-growth with nerve-tightened fingers. Everywhere the shadow of the raging storm had deepened the green of the foliage on the hillsides to blackness; even the erstwhile flaming cotton-woods were now but blotches of swaying magenta on the wolds.

A mountain cataract, roaring and surging into the valley beneath, gave forth deep bass discords—fit accompaniment to the storm, and the groans of the agonized trees, as they struggled in a death grapple with the wind king, grew louder, as in the glare of lightning the stone boulders turned violet-hued with reflected electricity.

#### ANDANTE.

The storm abated as rapidly as it had gathered, and ere the mystical hour of

sunset all was calm once more in the Okanagan Valley.

Far away below me the river crinkled and cranked along, its tortuous sinuosities forming a succession of dull grey pools beneath the over-hanging bushes, and a gentle murmur amongst the sedges which fringed its banks flooded the evening air as with a sweetly-soothing lullaby.

Raising my eyes, I saw at the end of a vista of pine boughs the outline of some grateful shapes, the fac-similes of which so frequently stand out revealed against the background of purple heather and gorse on a Scottish moor. There they were—grouped on a grassy mound under the trees whose shelter they had sought during the recent awful tempest—a herd of deer, amidst which, one, a noble stag, stood waving his antlers restlessly to and fro. Another instant, and with a fanfaronade of swishing sound they fled rapidly away over sward and hillock, till the jutting elbows of the cliffs hid them from my sight.

#### LARGO.

The sun was sinking, the wind well-nigh hushed, the colours of autumn were fading—slowly—away. The memory of it all touched the spirit of humanity with an indelible sweetness—then—softly—gently—it—died.

Only a Sonata of Beethoven's after all, which interpreted by a master-hand sank deep into the soul, and by the force of its intense musical colouring conjured up a vision of the beautiful Okanagan Valley. The virtuosity of the upper tones, the intermittent strains of bright-hued harmonies, as contrasted with the concentrated depths of the bass chords—all these conspired to paint (as no artist's hand has ever done) the iridescent picture of mountain, wood and water.

The music to which I had listened had been the Leit-Motif of my chimera.

*Julian Durham.*



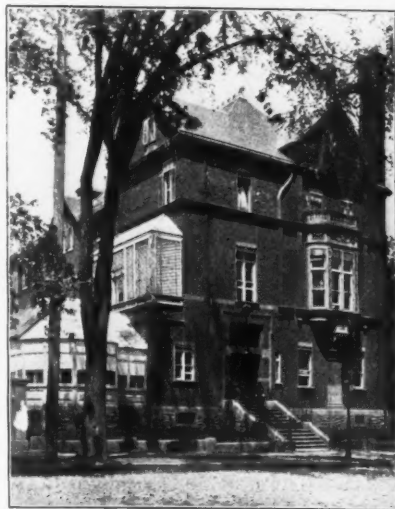
THE HISTORICAL CHATEAU DE RAMEZAY—BUILT ABOUT 1705.

## A GLANCE AT MONTREAL AND SOME OF ITS HOMES.

**P**ROUDLY, and yet without arrogance, beautiful, smiling and gracious, Montreal rests on a slope against its famous mountain, and surveys, across the broad St. Lawrence and one of earth's grandest, greenest valleys, Mounts St. Hilaire and Beloeil and the more distant, mist-wreathed and oft-hidden Green Mountains of Vermont. And so colossal a sight, so magnificent a view, as that of this great city, seen from its mountain, dwelling by a great river, and both surrounded by a well-wooded, hill-bound tract of level, soft-bowling country, is seldom had upon earth.

As a city of three hundred odd thousand inhabitants, Montreal, founded by Maisonneuve in 1642, is empowered to catch and hold attention in a way conferred upon few cities. An old world piquancy flavours its distinguished modern aspect, and appeals to the intellect with Parisian politeness to interpret and finely appreciate its true qualities. And a recapitulation of some of these would give a place wherein the languages and customs of France and England unite, as much as they may have been opposed to one another in the past; where old provincial laws still trip the unwary; where not so

long ago a compromise in English and French coinage was in circulation; where Martello towers still stand, and Fortification Lane traces the site of the city's ancient sally-port wall; where the chivalrous spirit of his haughty, sword-girt predecessors still exists in



RESIDENCE OF MR. C. R. HOSMER.  
(Formerly the Late Sir J. J. C. Abbott's House.)



THIS MAGNIFICENT RESIDENCE IS OWNED BY THE HON.  
GEORGE A. DRUMMOND.

the humble *habitant*; and where, finally, the Roman Catholic religion still impresses itself, within and without, upon those institutions which Old France gave to the New, at a time which made their establishment in a land of savages one of hardship and daring.

Jacques Cartier never dreamt that in naming a mountain in honour to his king, Francis I., he christened a hundred years in advance one of the chief cities of America and the British Empire, and the metropolis of the future Canadian nation. Thus *Mont Real* became Montreal—Villemarie de Montreal, a city dedicated to the Blessed Virgin; and as royally called, so has Montreal royally answered with miles of wharves and shipping, where the modern leviathans of the deep from cis-Atlantic ports tranship direct to trains that load for the Pacific Coast and every point between; and with a depth of streets and houses that reach far back to the mountain they partly invest, and promise to some day completely imprison. These streets are wealthily toned with shade trees, above which project domes and towers, spires and tall chimneys innumerable.

The city proper is composed of thirteen wards; of which St. Antoine, English, is the wealthiest and most

influential. The value of real estate they aggregated in December, 1897, amounted to over one hundred and seventy-seven million dollars. On this—less an exempted forty millions, in church property principally—there is a tax of one per cent.; the whole being guarded by one of the best fire brigades in the world.

Built on a flight of giant steps in rising ground, the city is endowed by nature with exceptional advantages as regards water and drainage; and with two splendid reservoirs high above the city in the midst of its mountain park, the water pressure, in the adjacent municipality of Westmount especially, is excellent.

Besides the mountain park just mentioned, whose worth as an earthly paradise is priceless, and St. Helen's Island opposite the city, which, nobly clothed with grand trees, vies with the mountain in attracting pleasure-seekers, the city possesses a collection of public squares—including Logan's Park, the new parade-ground, and the old historical and poplar-lined parade-ground of Champ de Mars—of which any place might well be proud. And in this connection, the Protestant and Roman Catholic Cemeteries, secluded from the throbbing city by a reposeful mountain, captivate both the eye and soul with silent eloquence. As adjoining cities of the dead, the former is, artistically, much the superior; but the heights of the latter, Côte des Neiges Cemetery, counterbalances this by overlooking the whole northern country—a rivetting sight. As the leaves turn in the fall, the scene here is converted into one as gorgeous as the sunsets that sometimes occur behind it.

The fame of Montreal's architecture, like that of its private collection of paintings, has gone abroad.

Seen from its equally famous mountain, a view of the city is one of count-



less fair buildings, let down into a forest of noble trees. Over this embowered seat of quarried limestone reposes a stately air; spire answers spire in the sunlight; burnished domes commingle with dull towers; red brick affects self-possession amid the cold reserve of cut stone; and through all, dwarfed to the eye, the bushed streets pick their way beneath heavy foliage. By a silver ribbon at its base, the St. Lawrence, the city is divided from the well-wooded country south of it; the latter, with an occasional exception, treading a level green towards the far-off horizon, where it suddenly and dimly meets the sky with a broken, bluish range of mountains—the Green Mountains in Vermont.

An impressionist picture of Montreal from the brow of its mountain, at night, in the dead of winter, would be that of a great white well in the darkness, in which lies a sugared city. With the latter lit like unto day with a multitude of arc-lamps, that blink in the frosty air as if they were living diamonds, the combined effect is a glow that eats outwards into the surrounding country like faint moonshine.

For a day picture, taken in January, we have the following blue and white impressionism.

A snowy whiteness upon everything except the sky. The cloudless latter is intensely blue. Backgrounded against it upheaves a number of faint blue mountains. In front of these, patches of sepia-blue woods creep towards us, across expanses of the purest white, toned bluishly wherever shadows embark. At our feet, finally, lies the city—a red, white and grey conglomerate, above which a certain bluishness is observable in the atmosphere. So much for one of Montreal's winter Sunday mornings.

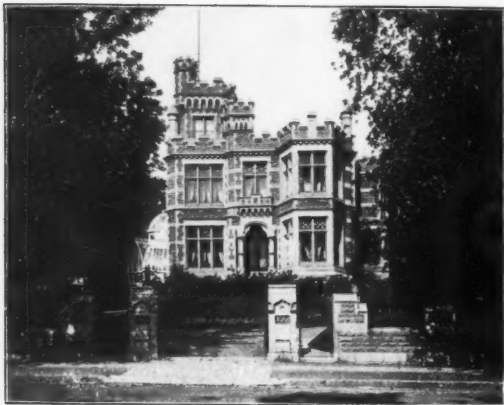
Now that the electric railways have begun to network the island, old sub-

urbs are rehabilitating themselves, and new ones arising as if by magic. It is predicted that, in time, cities will become business centres merely. Be this as it may, our faces are now turned countrywards as a place of residence to an extent unknown before. To meet this exodus, Montreal's environments are found catering to its citizens most charmingly. East, west or north on the island, or opposite the city south, a choice is had of places that, in the summertime, bless the sight, ease and restore the jaded mind, and satisfactorily minister to those souls that seek to dwell among the beauties of Nature. From a gentle and inland standpoint, it would seem impossible to surpass the vistas of scenic loveliness to be had in Montreal's vicinity.

The subject of suburban expansion directs our attention for a moment to the Victoria Bridge. Modern engineering has much to boast of in the way of feats, but to replace an old bridge with a new one, and that without removing the former or interfering with the passing of trains through it, is surely among the greatest. When all is completed, the tubular bridge, so familiar to many of us, will have disappeared, and in the open successor, designed for all kinds of traffic, Montreal will possess one of the finest in the world. Waiting on this, Montreal's Brooklyn will



MR. JAMES LINTON'S RESIDENCE.



ROKEBY—MR. A. F. GAULT.



THE LATE MR. DUNCAN MCINTYRE'S RESIDENCE.



RESIDENCE OF MR. R. B. ANGUS.

now, no doubt, arise, and do the city credit. The terminal municipality of St. Lambert's, by the very nature of things, is already stirring towards a splendid future, and we look for an early fulfilment of some of its store of great promise. The Jubilee Bridge, after this, will be one of Montreal's added attractions. To cross it for the first time will be no common experience. Here we turn the subject.

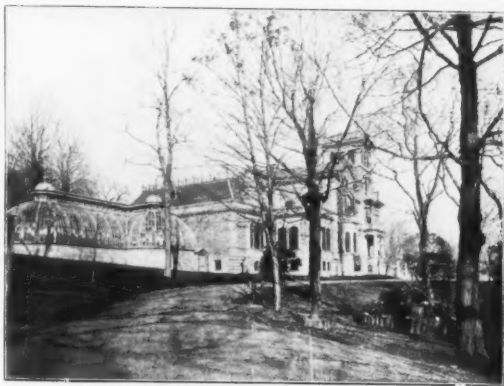
When Indians lurked in the woods, and only sailing vessels stemmed the St. Lawrence, Montreal, or, rather, Hochelaga, went in for a class of buildings more useful than ornamental. If nothing else, they were solidly put up; and no doubt the contemplating red-skin regarded them, as compared with his wigwam, much in the light that we now do a classical *fin-de-siècle* pile. There was a sameness and a simplicity about dwellings in early colonial times that Puritanically disavows any kinship whatever with the more worldly styles that now prevail; and the few of the former left to represent them not only do so with ill-concealed contempt for the aspirations of their present-day, fangle-ideal associates, but—with high wedge roofs, and low, thick walls that resemble fort masonry—seem to coldly and continually muse back through a couple of centuries upon those scenes and incidents which emboss the first pages of our national history. Such is the Chateau de Ramezay, among the more preten-

tious of its kind, linking us with a past in which it took a notable part. Built about 1705, by Claude de Ramezay, Governor of Montreal, it afterwards became the English gubernatorial residence. Its fate is among the best, that of a museum of those antiquities belonging to the history that has been enacted within and without its walls. It chiefly interests us at the present moment as the structural predecessor of what has been set up since.

Apart from historical "Monklands," crowning Montreal's western extremity, and now part of Ville Marie Convent, the only abode of vice-royalty that now offers to compare with the old chateau, is our late Premier's residence, Sir John Abbott's, on Sherbrooke Street. It was here that Lord and Lady Aberdeen lived during an official stay of several weeks one winter season. This house has since passed into the possession of Mr. C. R. Hosmer, General Manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway Telegraph Co.

A little further on, and we have Senator Drummond's house—an imposing structure in red sandstone, on the corner of Peel and Sherbrooke Streets. Half-way up the chimney-side is a square sun-dial. Were this house proportioned with grounds, the effect would be most striking.

Much better off in this respect is Mr. James Linton's residence. Situated on rising ground, and back its proper distance from the street (Sherbrooke), we



RAVEN'S CRAG—MR. H. MONTAGU ALLAN.



MR. ROBERT MEIGHEN'S RESIDENCE.  
(Formerly the Property of Lord Mount Stephen.)



LORD STRATHCONA'S MONTREAL RESIDENCE.

are at once impressed by it. As a gray gem, leafily-set, the eye pardonably lingers over it. The lawn is one of the finest in Canada, and about the grounds are disposed life-sized and life-looking statues of dogs and deer.

Near-by, on the same street, we have Mr. A. F. Gault's house, "Rokeby," recalling Sir Walter Scott's stirring poem; a copy, we believe, of Rokeby Castle itself. With Envy one of the Virtues, few would gaze upon this classic in stone without heartily coveting the ownership of it.

When the late Mr. Duncan McIntyre signed his share of the Canadian Pacific Railway contract, the successful carrying out of which made possible the peerages that Lord Mount Stephen, and Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal now possess, he is said to have exclaimed, "This is either the poor-house or a palace!" That it was not the former, a glance at the palatial home he afterwards erected for himself soon convinces us. Situated well up on the mountain-side, it commands a superb view of the city and country south. The house and grounds, which cost in the neighbourhood of three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, stand at the head of Drummond Street, one of Montreal's steep and exclusive avenues.

A little lower down on the next street—Peel—is the residence of Mr. R. B. Angus. This is a noble affair in light sandstone, and the lawn-terraces are beautifully kept.

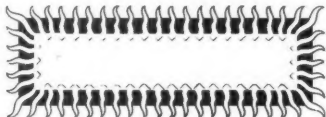
High above us on the mountain-side again, a pistol-shot away, nestles the Allan homestead, "Ravenscrag." This lofty-seated castle is almost hidden in trees, and perches in the very heart of

the people's mountain park in a high-walled park of its own. It was built by a very far-seeing, brainy business man—the late Sir Hugh Allan, one of the founders of the Allan line of steamships. From him it descended to his son, Mr. Montague Allan, its present master.

One of Montreal's more magnificent mansions, inside and out, is Lord Mount Stephen's, on Drummond Street, now owned and occupied by Mr. Meighen, President of the Lake of the Woods Mining Company. Like Senator Drummond's, this house is seen at a disadvantage—it requires a generous amount of land to make it speak as it should to the eye. As it is, there is a wealthy look in every stone, composing a self-reliant massiveness suggestive of some cis-Atlantic baronial hall.

Naturally enough, we next turn to the residence of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal (Sir Donald A. Smith). Like the man himself, there is a quiet, unassuming air about it that we take to at once. Another noticeable characteristic is the distinct citified look it has, chiefly conferred by the amount of space the broad, smart gravel driveway occupies, as compared with the plots of sky, rich green bordering it, in a shallow frontage of grounds. As with most houses of its class in the city, the fine conservatory attached is often open to the public. Two shades of sandstone offset one another in the erection of this luxurious home; but since acquiring his Scottish estate, Lord Strathcona, like his companion-in-honours, Lord Mount Stephen, is an absentee-owner—much to Montreal's regret in both cases.

*Henry Cecil Walsh.*



## M. C. CAMERON, AS I KNEW HIM.

### *A Character Sketch.*

IT is over forty years since a young man came to Goderich from Eastern Ontario where, in the town of Perth, he had first seen the light some twenty-five years previously. He carried with him a letter from his father, recommending him to the kind offices of a leading man in Goderich, and in that letter it was stated that the bearer was a clever young man, who would not fail to make his presence felt in the Huron Tract, which was then looming up as a Mecca for men of ambition and energy. The letter further stated that all expenses incurred in giving a fair start to the young lawyer during the first two years of his residence in Goderich, would be met by the father of the young man. The gentleman to whom the letter was sent accepted the epistle and the conditions it involved, but had no occasion to fall back upon the father of Malcolm Colin Cameron to fulfil any of the obligations.

From the first, the young man showed himself willing and able to accommodate himself to the surroundings, and as he was possessed of energy and self-confidence, coupled with industry and perseverance, to an extent greater than ordinary, he soon took a front place in his chosen profession, and laid the foundation of a profitable business.

His coming to Goderich was in 1855, and inside of the following dozen years he had run the gamut of public life from town councillor to member of parliament. As councillor, reeve and mayor of his adopted town, he soon showed that he was capable of doing good service in a public capacity; and it was little to be wondered at that, when a vacancy occurred by the retirement of James Dickson, immediately before the advent of Confederation, the eyes of the Liberals of Huron turned toward the young lawyer as one fitted to represent the county in the first

Canadian parliament under the new order of things. The year previous a vacancy had occurred in the county judgeship, and the young lawyer had been an unsuccessful applicant to Sir John Macdonald for the position, and when the call was made to him to take up the Liberal standard and carry it on to victory, the opportunity was the more readily seized that it offered a chance to get even with the Old Chief-tain for the "throwing-down" of the year before.

The campaign that ensued was a warm one, and in it the Liberal candidate laid strong and deep the foundation of that reputation for effective stump-speaking which was his glory and the pride of his friends in the thirty years that followed. Like many of the older school of politicians, he did not bank on either his literary style or his pronunciation. In the latter his Highland accent was particularly apparent when such words as "superior," "superlative," etc., received the initial "shoo." Neither did he attempt to paint the lily or gild fine gold in his addresses, for he did not possess the artistic imagination or the oratorical grace necessary to such an undertaking; but he had a clear, incisive way of stating a case, and a magnetic personality that caught the emotions of an audience, and enabled him to sway at will the hearers who faced the platform from which he spoke. As a *nisi prius* lawyer he was particularly effective, and few juries withstood his pleading. On the stump in a political campaign he reduced invective to science, and his denunciation of an opponent's policy was always merciless and scathing in the extreme. His *bête noir* in politics was the nepotist, and many a time and oft did he declaim against public men who had availed themselves of opportunities to assist



relatives to positions, to the exclusion of all others. One of the first attacked by him along this line was the late James Dickson, his predecessor in the representation of Huron, who not only took to himself the registrarship of the county, but succeeded also in getting post-offices for two of his sons. The condemnation of this piece of nepotism was stoutly expressed on every platform during the campaign of 1867, and proved a winning card for the man who made the denunciation. Not satisfied with that, he carried his antagonism so far against the registrar that for years he never passed words with his parliamentary predecessor, because he considered a trust had been betrayed.

During his first term in parliament he was successful in having Goderich harbour constituted a harbour of refuge, and was instrumental in securing a large expenditure of money in improving the harbour conditions of both Goderich and Bayfield. How he succeeded in getting the concessions from an adverse Administration is not pertinent to this article, and will do at another time, should the spirit move me to put pen to paper; but of one thing there need be no doubt, the town was materially benefited by the work then instituted through his efforts. Towards the end of his first term in parliament he began to be that thorn in the flesh of Sir John Macdonald which he continued to be to the last days of the Old Chieftain, and a partition of the County of Huron was decided upon by the Government, with the ostensible object of giving three ridings to the county, but with the real object of gerrymandering Sir John's thorn in the flesh out of parliament. The Grits were "hived" in Centre Huron, making the north and south constituencies safe to friends of the Government, and excluding utterly, so it was thought, the man who formerly represented South Huron. The bringing down of the bill re-districting Huron was the historic occasion when old John Rymal, then member for South Wentworth, rose in his place in the House and, holding up a diagram of the new South Riding, said

to Sir John, "You could bow down and worship this creature of your own creation without committing idolatry, for there is nothing in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, that resembles South Huron."

But the gerrymandering of the constituency did not keep Sir John's thorn in the flesh out of the House. He went into the contest with the intention of winning, and, backed by the sympathy of the people in the gerrymandered district, he swept all opposition before him, and carried the constituency by a safe majority, despite the fact that his opponent on that occasion was none other than Thomas Greenway, the present Premier of Manitoba. After the contest his name became a household word all over the country, and when mention was made of the man from Huron, in connection with election campaigns, his fighting qualities were as fully recognized as those of the gallant Major O'Shaughnessy, of the 88th (Connaught Rangers) during the Napoleonic wars, of whom the poet wrote:

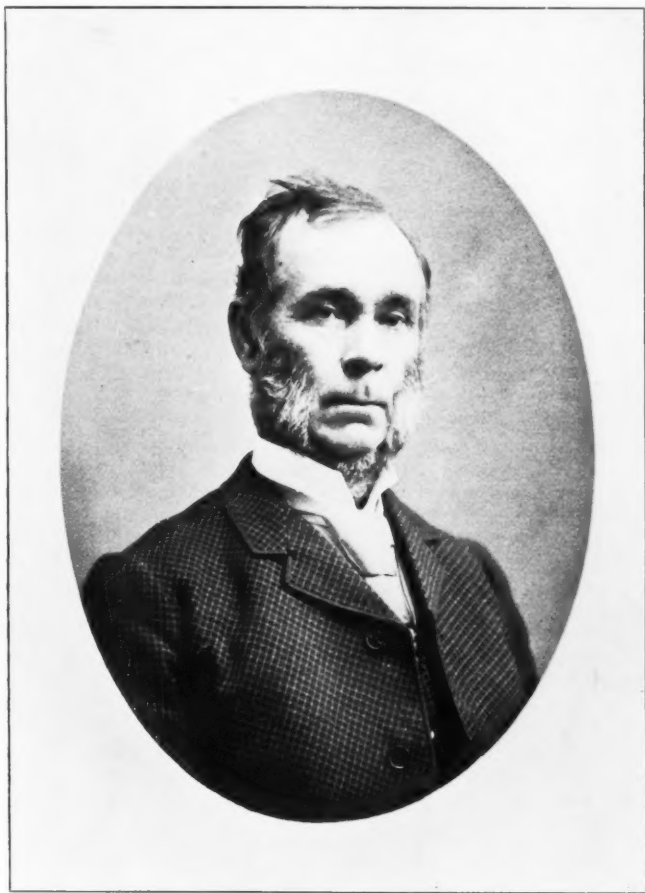
He cared for neither shot nor shell,  
He dared all deaths and dangers—  
He'd storm the very gates of hell  
With a company of the Rangers.

The Pacific Scandal or Slander—as the term suits—caused the defeat of Sir John Macdonald's Government in 1873, and on the 28th of January, 1874, another election was held. On this occasion the Goderich lawyer, now in his forty-third year, was again successful, but being petitioned against, and the case coming to court, he was unseated because of the acts of over-zealous friends, and in the bye-election that ensued was not a candidate, owing to absence in Florida in search of health, thus giving a walkover to Mr. Greenway. In 1878, Mr. Greenway, after receiving the Liberal nomination, refused to prosecute the canvass, and once more the Goderich man stepped into the breach, and was elected. In 1882 the re-districting of constituencies placed Goderich in West Huron for electoral purposes, with a majority



of 158 in the riding adverse to a Liberal candidate. I well recollect that evening in May when our candidate came home from Ottawa. We all knew that he could have the South

dows for South Huron, as then constituted, he said: "But I shall not further look for South Huron. I will stay with the constituency in which I live, and move, and have my being.



THE LATE HON. M. C. CAMERON.  
*Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories.*

Huron "hive" for the asking, and we were on pins and needles as to what action he would take. We banked on his pluck, and we won. He spoke from the balcony of *The Signal* office, and, after stating that on his trip home

he had vainly looked from the car window (Cheers.) There is an adverse majority against me, but, with the assistance of my friends in West Huron, I will wipe that adverse majority off the slate. Give me a fair field and no

favour, and the devil may take the hindmost, and that won't be M. C. Cameron." (Cheers.)

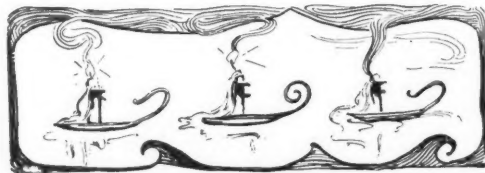
Did he win? Of course he won, for nothing could withstand the vim with which he fought the fight personally, and the vigour with which his friends entered into the contest. Truly the majority was not large, but it served. In 1887 he ran for the same constituency, and met his first defeat at the hands of Robert Porter, but retrieved himself in 1891. Unseated in the fall of the same year, owing once more to the acts of over-zealous friends, he next faced Hon. J. C. Patterson, who was backed by all the strength of the Dominion Government, and he was again defeated—by the slight majority of 16. In this contest he was heavily handicapped by ill-health. During the previous year one of the most cruel and malicious slanders ever put in circulation against a public man was concocted by a discharged gardener of the man slandered, and this had been bruited abroad by political opponents, with the object of driving him from public life. Two of the rascals directly implicated in the libels were cited before the courts and found guilty of the crime, but the worriment incident to the prosecution told severely on the slandered man, and he never was himself again, physically or mentally.

In 1895 Hon. J. C. Patterson was appointed to the Lieutenant-Governorship of Manitoba, and again our candidate was put forward and won in the bye-election of January, 1896. In June of the same year he fought his last fight and helped to bring to power

the party with which he had been allied for so many years. His friends in Huron and himself had hopes that he would be of Cabinet rank, but it was decreed otherwise, and he remained a private member until last May, when he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories, a position which, unfortunately, he was destined not to hold for long.

For nearly a quarter of a century I had known him personally, and from Sept. 1, 1880, until May 20, 1897, no one knew him more intimately than I. I knew his elements of strength—and he had elements of strength—and I knew his weaknesses. Of the latter I have no word to say, for he has passed from our ken and the place that knew him shall know him no more. He and I differed on a line of public policy, just as he and the late James Dickson differed. Our differences were threshed out at the time, and public opinion has rendered its verdict. I am perfectly willing that the matter should rest as it stands. I shall neither add to nor take from what has been said on that subject. But although an irreparable breach was made in our friendship, I never can forget the days when we were friends, and when the desire of my heart was to second, as best I could, the efforts of the most fearless gladiator in the political arena that I ever knew, and to aid in having victory perch upon the banner of a candidate whom I then believed to be the embodiment of rugged political integrity and the personification of political magnetic power.

*Dan. McGillicuddy.*



## A HALLOWE'EN ADVENTURE.

*With Pen and Ink Sketches by W. Goode.*

THE morning of Hallowe'en came crisp and fresh, with golden sunshine across the purple hills, to the Cloverfields farm. Brisk Mrs. Dean, stepping from kitchen to pantry directing and assisting her one stout maid, cast inquiring glances at the face of her only son. Reuben evidently had something on his mind. At last he put it into words.

"Mother—*will* you have the Ferris girls out to keep Hallowe'en? You know when they were here in the summer they said they'd like to come again, and—well—I saw Amy yesterday when I took the potatoes in, and she said she would love a Hallowe'en in the country."

Mrs. Dean's bright face clouded a little, but she was a very judicious woman, and it occurred to her that perhaps a little more of Amy Ferris' society would lead Reuben to take *her* view of that young lady, while on the other hand, distance might but continue to lend its proverbial enchantment. So, after a brief pause, her answer was much more cheerful than her son expected.

"Why yes, if their mother will come, too, certainly we can have them. And isn't there a cousin staying with them?"

"Yes, Miss Grey. Amy says she's a dull, stupid little thing, but of course she must come too. It's very good of you, motherdie; I'll drive in this morning and bring them out after dinner."

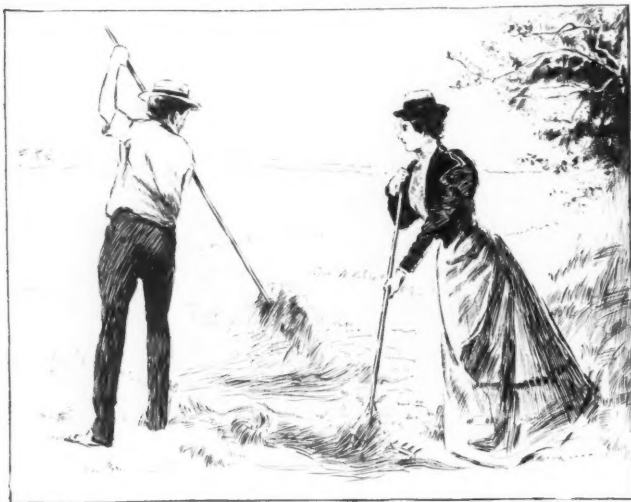
"Be sure and say *particularly* that I wish Miss Grey to come, and perhaps it would be as well for them to stay all night. It would be very late for you to take them back."

So Reuben went off to his work delighted, and Mrs. Dean began her preparations for the more than half-unwelcome guests, with a little spark in her mild eyes.

Reuben was her only child, her great and only interest in life, for she had been a widow for many years. They were dearest comrades, and when he left school she read with him, and polished up the neglected French and Latin of a studious girlhood for his benefit; on every portion of the farm-work he asked and valued her opinion, and for "motherdie" to bring her sewing and sit under a tree near by when he was mowing or raking was his ideal of a happy afternoon.

All this happiness had lasted uninterrupted till the summer before my story begins. Then, in a moment of weakness, Mrs. Dean had yielded to the plaintive persuasions of a former school friend (now the wife of a flourishing lawyer in the neighbouring town of Armsted), and received her and her two daughters into the seclusion of Cloverfields as summer boarders.

This step she had never ceased to regret. There was nothing congenial now in her former school friend, and that same sometime friendship necessitated a closeness of companionship which often wearied Mrs. Dean, and which effectually interrupted for a time the happy routine of her life with her son. But Amy and Mabel found time to cultivate Reuben's acquaintance, and three weeks of long forest rambles, fishing excursions and work in the hay field, with Amy pretending to work beside him, filled his horizon with new and strange visions, disturbing, incomplete, yet poetic. Mabel was bonny and merry, but too young to care for monopolizing Reuben; it was Amy's saucy hazel eyes that disturbed his dreams, and Amy's nut-brown curls that nettled his fancy—his heart, he fondly thought. Mrs. Dean had other opportunities for studying the girl's half-formed character, and she, watching her closely, saw a



"Amy pretending to work beside him."

total lack of sympathy with anything in pain—a hard carelessness of other people's feelings, and an innately second-rate standard in life both for herself and for others. She saw her prettiness, too, with the eye of a beauty-loving woman who sees deep enough to discern or to miss the beauty of the soul. She watched Reuben's enthrallment with pain. A little of her early friendship for Mrs. Ferris awoke, and a slight sense of some reason for the change in her, when that poor lady said as Amy left the room after some remarks whose hardness had shocked even her out of her usual good-natured apathy:

"She is her father over again, Helen; Poor child, poor child!"

After the disturbing element returned to town, an attempt was made at resuming the old order of things, but it was half a failure. Reuben's love and devotion to his mother were unchanged, but he had found one subject of thought, to him the most engrossing, on which she could not sympathize with him.

The afternoon of Hallowe'en saw a merry party roaming the grounds of Cloverfields, and in the evening they

twirled three times round one's head and thrown on the floor, formed mysterious letters, the initials of the "not impossible she" or he. A thread held over the top of the lamp chimney showed in how many years the holder would be married, someone counting slowly till the thread broke.

So the evening passed merrily; but Mrs. Dean noticed that little Lois Grey, who had quite thawed out and grown animated during the afternoon (when she had kept close to Mrs. Dean instead of frolicking about with the others), grew reserved and quiet again, seldom laughing, and looking like a little shadow in her black dress. She took her part in the games and tricks, but with a pathetic shyness, which she seemed trying in vain to shake off.

Lois' story, though told by Mrs. Ferris very scrappily, had deeply appealed to Mrs. Dean's motherly heart. She had been left an orphan two years before, and until this autumn had supported herself by typewriting; but her health had given out and Mrs. Ferris, being her nearest relative, had brought the lonely girl to her comfortable home to recruit.

all gathered in the great old-fashioned dining-room, weaving time-honoured spells around the blazing fire. Fortunes were told in many ways. Melted wax dropped through a key into cold water, formed fantastic shapes that were supposed to presage the future of the one who poured it. Apple peelings,

"Of course she will go back to work as soon as she is able," Mrs. Ferris said. "I thought before she came that she might do as a sort of companion, but she is altogether too quiet and Amy doesn't care for her."

That evening Amy was the life of the party. Her bright eyes sparkled, the firelight shone on her brown curls and brought out the rich colour in her cheeks. In her crimson gown she seemed to catch and absorb all the light in the room.

There were peals of laughter now and then from the kitchen, where Martha, and Jake, the new hired man, were roasting chestnuts. Mrs. Dean listened with a smile. "Jake seems of a happy disposition, Reuben! But I cannot help feeling sorry that we had to send away poor old Dennis."

"So was I sorry, Mater dear! But he's quite comfortable with his little cottage and his pension. And his temper *was* too much to stand, wasn't it now—even for you?"

Mrs. Dean laughingly confessed that it was, adding that she believed the poor man to be out of his mind.

"Judging from the horrible threats he poured out on my devoted head, I'm inclined to agree with that theory," Reuben admitted.

As the evening wore on and tricks were nearly exhausted, Amy and Reuben retired to a cosey bow-window and he proceeded to describe to her in an undertone the most important of Hallowe'en's charms.

"You take a lamp in one hand and a mirror in the other, and go backwards from the house down a path—say to the gate; you must

start just as the clock strikes twelve, and look in the glass all the time, never turning your head. But, of course, you would be afraid."

Amy indignantly denied any such possibility, and discussed the advisability of taking the path to the front gate, or the longer one from the kitchen door to the barn; and when a little after eleven they went to their rooms, there was a pretty definite agreement between them (of which the others had heard nothing) that she should try this particular spell.

But when the girls were together in their pretty room with its cheerful fire and the warm curtains drawn, either Amy's spirit for adventure failed her, or the love of mischief and a wilful wish to disappoint Reuben, took possession of her. A little plot entered her lively brain and she proceeded to put it into execution.

As the three sat by the fire in their pretty lounging-ropes she told them (without naming the source of her information) about her mirror trick. Lois had heard of it before, indeed she affirmed that a friend of hers had first seen her future husband in that mystic manner. A little to Amy's surprise



"The most important of Hallowe'en's charms."

she willingly agreed to try her fate that night, and took her cousin's advice to go from the kitchen door without question. By the time this was arranged it was so near the stroke of twelve that she had no time to do up her hair or remove her pretty blue wrapper. Amy and Mabel provided lamp and looking-glass, and after seeing her down-stairs, ran back and ensconced themselves in the hall-window.



"Lois . . . . began to back slowly down the path."

The night was starlit and not cold. As Lois shut the kitchen door and began to back slowly down the path a cold shiver ran down her spine. All she saw for a time was her own face, flushed with a soft brightness quite new to her, eyes large, solemn and wide open, a little cloud of silky light-brown hair that floated round her face. She had never before admired her own reflection; now for a moment she did.

Then she noticed the little spruces by the well and the tall ones in a dark clump near the barn. Her hand trembled and the lamp shook as she approached their dark shadows. The next moment a deadly fear seized her, for she saw distinctly, crouched under the trees, a man with a scowling savage face, and an axe grasped in his hand. The path swerved a little away from the trees toward the small door at the other side of the barn. Stupefied with horror, she paused, and then perceived that the man's gaze was fixed on the little barn door. Just then it opened, and still gazing fixedly in the glass (for she dared not, could not, turn) she saw Reuben's tall form emerge from it and come toward her. She met his eyes in the mirror, and caught their expression of surprise, and something else which she could not fathom.

For a moment the imminent danger was forgotten, and all the wonderful hidden dreams of her heart shone out in answer to his look. Then that dreadful crouching figure, unseen by Reuben, filled all her mental horizon. She turned toward the trees just in time to see him rise and leap toward Reuben, the axe raised to strike. Like a flash she darted forward and hurled her little lamp full in his face.

There was a yell of pain which filled her with horror, a gleam of fire, and the next moment the man was on the ground, fighting fiercely, while Reuben endeavoured to extinguish his burning clothes. He was a much heavier man than Reuben, and had the tremendous strength of a maniac. Lois turned white and sick, and stood wringing her hands wildly. But only for an instant; then she remembered that Jake slept in a little room over the stable. She sprang past the struggling men and up the steep ladder, she scarcely knew how. Poor Jake was roused so suddenly and thoroughly that he was wont to declare in after days that he never, no never, got over it, his nerves "was that shook." But he was quickly by Reuben's side and between them the frantic man was overpowered and carried into the



kitchen, where the rest of the now-awakened household came with terrified inquiries.

Mrs. Dean and Mrs. Ferris skilfully dressed the burns of the poor raving creature (who turned out to be the recently discharged farm hand), while Reuben, though nearly tired out with the struggle, went at once for the doctor. As he passed out, he found Lois leaning in the doorway, pale and shivering. He caught both her hands and kissed them, with a quick comprehension of one of the thoughts that made her look so distressed.

"He is but slightly burnt; don't

let that worry you,—*dear*," he said.

But Lois crept up to bed and cried herself to sleep.

The following Hallow-e'en, as the clock struck twelve, Lois Dean and her husband, standing together in the moonlight, pressed cheek to cheek and looked in the same small mirror. That mirror is one of Reuben's most cherished possessions now, for he says it showed him a soul he might otherwise never have seen, and he firmly maintains that he loved her passionately that moment before she saved his life.

*Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald.*



## HER LETTER.

DEAR Bird that flyeth swiftly past,  
Oh, bear this word for me,  
To him, who holds my heart so claspt,  
'Twill ever with him be.

Soft breeze, pray, carry on the wing  
These thoughts, fresh as thine air,  
That he may hear the pure notes sing,  
My soul would with him share.

Keen storm, that sweeps the heaven wide  
My passion to him pour,  
To let him know that at his side,  
Dark doubt can ride no more.

Oh stars, should o'er his path come night,  
Look down and guide him on,  
That sorrow blinded by thy light  
May pass him, and be gone.

Bright sun, shed on my dear one's day,  
My love, that's warm as thee,  
And keep him ever in the way  
That leads to home and me.

*Elvira Floyd Fræmcke.*



## The Song of the Derelict

Ye have sung me your songs, ye have chanted your rimes

(I scorn your beguiling, O sea!)

Ye fondle me now, but to strike me, belimes

(A treacherous lover, the sea!)

Once - I saw as I lay, half-awagh in the night

A hull in the gloom - a quick hail! - and a light

And I lurched o'er to leeward, and saved her for spite

From the doom that ye meted to me



I was sister to Terrible, seventy-four

(Yo ho! for the swing of the sea!)

And ye sank her in fathoms a thousand and more -

(Alas! for the might of the sea!)

Ye taunt me and sing me her fate for a sign!

What harm can ye wreak more on me or on mine?

Ho braggart! I care not for boasting of thine -

A fig for the wrath of the sea!

Some night to the lee of the land I shall steal

(Heigh-ho! to be home from the sea!)

No pilot but Death at the rudderless wheel

(None knoweth the harbor as he!)

To lie where the slow tide creeps hither and fro

And the shifting sand laps me around, for I know

That my gallant old crew are in Port long ago

For ever at peace with the sea!



John McCrae

## THE HEROINE OF ROMANCE.

### *An Autobiography.*

YOU all know me. I am as old as Eden, as fresh as the spring and as variable. Many truths have been told of me, and much that is false; I have blushed as often at over praise as I have grieved over calumny.

I am the Heroine of Romance!

I have dim visions of myself when Egypt was young and Babylon undreamed of. I begin to see myself more clearly in the heroic days when gods little and gods big came down from Olympus, or other high altitudes, to woo me. I looked grandly statuesque in those days and wore most becoming Greek drapery. I don't remember much about how I felt, or what I thought of things in general—for the day of mental analysis and introspection had not dawned, and only in regard to my sweethearts did I trouble about knowing my own mind. And it was generally the strongest of my lovers who won me, for the ancient lover had a very taking way with him.

There were some odd things about me in those olden days. I obeyed my parents, I never gainsaid my father's will except upon my knees with my clasped hands uplifted; and then it did me little good. I have carried docility so far as to let my stern parent pierce me to the heart with a butcher's knife without raising an objection. But I think Virginias were and always have been scarce.

I admired myself in those good old times, but later on, in the days of chivalry, I was even more charming. I used to sit in old baronial halls among the gentle maidens of the household and bend my modest eyes upon my tapestry work, the while the good friar read to us or a blind minstrel played upon his harp. Nothing did I know of the great world and never did I walk abroad outside the castle walls. When

evening fell I'd hie me to my turret chamber and throwing wide the lattice I'd gaze wonderingly out over the wall and across the moat to where a bridle-path led down the rocky height, through a woody glade, and on and on until it joined some road that led out into the great, gay, wicked world. I'd look and look, day after day, hopefully, anxiously, impatiently, and at last I'd see emerging from the dim vistas of the forest, the setting sun shining on his glittering armour, a gallant knight on a coal black steed, all caparisoned in black and silver. And as he drew nearer and yet more nigh, I could see that he was wondrous handsome and of noble bearing and the heron's plume upon his helmet proclaimed the quality of his birth. My heart whispered "'Tis he!" and leaning from my casement I waved a muslin kerchief, which a vagrant wind snatched from my grasp and wafted to the feet of the Arab charger. A moment later it would be raised on a spear's point and tucked into the bosom of the Black Knight's coat of mail.

There were many things about those days that makes me long for more of them, but those lordly strongholds were badly drained and rather draughty, and the one great fire-place in the lofty hall failed to heat the rest of the castle. Indeed there were many conveniences lacking that now can be had in city houses at twenty dollars a month. But aside from unromantic details, one thing in those days annoyed me greatly. I could never have two lovers. As soon as a second began to bud, there would be trouble. A challenge to enter the lists would come, a trial-at-arms, a corpse and then only one lover left! Or if both returned alive, my warrior blood would never permit me to look upon a battered, beaten cripple—so it amounted to the loss of

a lover whether the outcome of the duel were life or death.

I had a lively time during the Crusades and the border wars, but later on I lived a much easier life. Wars and tourneys and courts were all eschewed and I lived in pastoral seclusion, the cherished darling of a select family circle.

I had skin like satin, cheeks like roses, teeth like pearls. I was sometimes twins, generally sisters, often cousins. One of us was small, fragile and fair as a lily; the other tall, stately and dark, but both were good as we were beautiful. We dressed in white with coloured sashes and wore roses in our hair. With arms entwined and ringlets mingling, we worked at our samplers or made pictures of wool on canvas, of Rebecca at the well or Daniel in the lion's den. We loved our home and parents dear, we adored each other, we would die if we were parted, we would never, never marry. We both always fall in love with the same man at first sight and he with only one of us. He generally loved the fair one, but, fearing his passion was not returned, he would successfully woo the brunette, and the lily maid would bear herself like the Spartan lad until the wedding morn, when she would always be found dead in some lonely corner. Then the bride, grief-stricken, gat her to a nunnery, leaving the young groom to console himself as best he pleased.

Sometimes it fell out otherwise. The hero occasionally loved the dark sister, but she, knowing the fair one loved him too, would not listen to his love, but with biting, bitter words, and a breaking heart, would drive him from her. Then he hied him away to foreign parts, and the maidens sat and worked at their samplers, and groaned inwardly, "he cometh not." News of his death would come while gallantly defending a pass, single-handed, against five hundred rebels, four hundred and ninety-one of whom he invariably slew. The fair maid would weep, the dark one would make no moan, but a deadly sickness would strike her down. At her burial

a scarred and battered soldier would appear, sore wounded, but alive. He would be nursed back to health, and they would live happy ever after.

The worst thing about those days was the ease with which I died. Even the rumoured unfaithfulness of a lover sent me to bed, and finished me without the aid of a doctor. And when my lovers were off to the wars, and news was long in coming, I began to mourn them for dead, even before a foreign mail was due, and always died of a broken heart the day before they returned victorious and well.

Later on I rather liked myself—I was so very young and so very, very pretty, and my innocence no child of to-day would credit. I always fell in love with the very wickedest old man I could find. He was generally titled and rich (which was a consideration even in those days), and had a masterful way with him; but after the excitement of killing a couple of wives and desolating other happy homes, it seemed surprising how easily, but desperately he fell in love with a little thing like me. Sometimes he proved to be not so black as he was painted, rather a tame old fellow, in fact, after marriage, but generally the curtain fell at the altar, which was much the safer way.

I am always sorry when authors make me fall in love with vicious men, and when they are ugly and disagreeable as well I have reason to protest. I also dislike being painted as a tomboy romp, an impudent homely harum-scarum hoyden, to whom the finest gentleman of the realm, generally first seeing up a tree or riding bare back, loses his heart and loves for ever after. I am pretty credulous where I myself am concerned, but this is too unnatural even for romance.

I really enjoyed the time when I was always grandly beautiful, coldly proud and high born, the last of a noble race. My life was always a poem, though sometimes in blank verse, and nothing short of princes of royal blood were good enough for me, and there were none of those to suit. I sometimes so far forgot my pride as to love a wan-

dering artist or a gipsy chief, but only when they were dukes in disguise, rivalling Apollo in grace, Hercules in strength, and everybody in handsomeness. There were several details that would vary, but I could always depend upon marrying an earl at the very least, and the world of fashion was always at my feet.

There came a brief period when I could not depend upon possessing any of my old attributes—I was neither rich nor beautiful, and worse than all, I was no longer young. I was weighed down with responsibilities; I was worn with cares, I was an unloved, unsought, unappropriated blessing, and yet my story had its interest, and its end was often peace. Sometimes I was a widow, and then everything was uncertain. I never know my own mind, occasionally I had no mind to know.

Down through the ages I have often been cruelly maligned and misrepresented, but never until these latter days have such unnatural stories been told of me. I can depend upon nothing, not even of having an end. All is a tangle, an uncertain, intangible, unutterable muddle, when half the time I am a married woman with a husband who does not count, and the other half a sort of nightmare creature, not human, and neither fish, flesh nor good red herring. I have changed as all things change here. I know it. I am not now as particular as I used to be about my complexion or my deportment. I am not so helpless. I am

not so fond of dress—I ride a wheel, I wear thick soles, I play golf, and sometimes football and hockey. I fence, I row, I paddle, I skate, I shoot, I ride. I sometimes talk slang, I am not afraid to go out alone, though, as in ages past, I prefer company. I know my own mind and I speak it. I don't like work, but I can earn my own living if necessary. I am not always pretty, and I am not often good, but when I love I want to marry, the fear of being tied does not appall me, and I want to bind my hero safe and fast. I am not like "The Woman Who Did," I am not and never was like "A Daughter of To-day," I am as unlike as possible the wavering and contradictory beloved of "Jude the Obscure;" I am not a bit like "Tess of the D'Urbervilles;" the story of "An African Farm" is not my story; "A Yellow Aster" I would put far from me; "Dodo," "Trilby," "A Superfluous Woman," "The Heavenly Twins," and many more make of me an abomination, and I pronounce them gross distortions of my person and character. I have done much that was evil, much that was foolish since the world was young; I have changed with changing fashions, but I am still a woman. I can still be recognized as a daughter of Eve. Eve liked Eden, but she liked Adam better, and when he was driven out in disgrace she followed him, and made Eden for him elsewhere. And woman, now as then, will leave all, do all, bear all for Love!

*Kate Westlake Yeigh.*

## PLAIN GIRL.

THERE are some words that indicate a positive genius on the part of man for language. Girl is one of these. You repeat the word slowly and it remains unique and inseparable,—girl, a perfectly inexplicable but quite satisfactory definition of what she is. The dialect-mongers call her "gal," but that means nothing. A gal may be conceived of as a slip-shod nonentity of roughened aspect, incap-

able of disturbing the equilibrium of the universe. But girl, what may not a girl accomplish in time? A straight, avengeful, feminine possibility, with the real length of her hair still apparent, she yields no hostages to fortune on that account or on any other. She does not hesitate, consequently she is never lost so long as she does not desire to escape from her own peculiar position; occupying that, where no one

may conflict with her, she is immovable.

How much of its fitness the word owes to the magic combination of the letters "g" and "i" it is hard to say. Girl, gig, gimlet, there is a certain clearing of the decks for action and what one might call a sharpness of procedure about them all that induces a contemplative mind to withdraw to the position of a spectator and approve of the activity, but not to interfere with it.

No one can understand what being a girl means until one has relinquished the sensation. And then suddenly one is an on-looker for good,—a privileged spectator who occupies a seat in the front row and has the keenest appreciation of the play, but after all only a spectator. The quivers, thrills, resentments, delusions, enchantments, manias, are never quite possible again.

There is a vast difference between girl in the family and girl in the aggregate. In the family no one may criticise the girl, no one may analyse her. There she is, and there she will remain, the joy, the sensation, the climax of that brief period of adjustment during which the family is growing up. If there is another side to this question, where, from some misapprehension of her true character, a mystified resentment is cherished against the girl, the writer is wholly incapable of assuming it, and must prattle away with a certain glorified conception of her own inability.

But no one can say this of girl in the aggregate. Those who know her best, perhaps, are her numerous instructors who receive her in a complicated rotatory succession, and round out their little day with a more or less vague realization of the limited effect they have upon her. Some of these instructors are women, some are men, and she thrives upon them both with a fearful avidity that is not entirely reciprocated. In the hands of the born teacher, girl, even in the aggregate, is as gentle as a lamb, and passes through and away from that classroom in a chanting procession of dis-

creet paces and smiling looks. But let us leave the perfect instructor, for there is a certain inattraction about the heavenly side of a girl's character, considered by and large. When she has a name of her own, with a definite colour to her hair and a special variety of nose, when, in fact, girl is in the family, one may wax heroic in her treatment. But in the aggregate, girl is more interesting as we have known her.

Women may not be able to do much with girl, but at least they have a perception of what may exist beneath the surface, having once been what they no longer are, and they maintain a cautious reserve as to what she really thinks. But man is delivered into the hand of the girl, and, although he frequently does her good, she makes a continual drama of his conception of her. Does he think she is good, or does he think she is bad, or, possibly, does he like her too well for his own peace of mind? To a man who is teaching with a high ideal of girl united to a keen perception of actual details, what a sad thing life is! There is at times a bread and buttery character to a girl's outlook that cannot co-exist with idealism. The absorption of a slate pencil may be a reversion to type, but it produces a kind of mental anaesthesia in the sentimental beholder. It was doubtless with the remembrance of such an occasion cold upon him that Walter Besant's French instructor exclaimed, "I adore woman, but I hate girl!"

It is a state that involves its own compensations, which seem to grow more fair as they recede. The real girl makes a world of her own and lives in it every hour of the day. In that atmosphere there are all sorts of strange crises, climaxes, and dangers that are imperceptible to dull-eyed maturity. No one but herself could number the conspiracies from which she escapes, the romances that begin and never end, the judgments that she passes on half the comprehensible universe. Next to being a girl again it is good to remember the attractions of



that delightful period, and to long for the return of a certain inhuman carelessness of consequences peculiarly its own. If the girl is approached properly much may be learned, but to prevent a too great credulity on the part of the enquirer, it is well to remember that nothing is more frequent than an innocent deception, a befooling of others into the belief in the girl's de-

fenceless condition and transparent garrulity, neither of which are so great as they seem. She is bound to be amused at your expense, no matter in what guise you make your approach, and it is better to cultivate her acquaintance humbly, not forgetting to leave open a way of retreat if she seems to find you too disagreeable.

*Marjory MacMurchy.*

## THE HEART THAT BREAKS.

Thou comest as the memory of a dream,  
Which now is sad, because it hath been sweet.

—*Shelley.*

CHANGED, did you say, Alice?

Ah! yes dear, seven years have sadly changed my face, but have not changed my love for you. This dear old place fills me with memories of the past—the sweet, the happy past, when we were school girls. How gentle and true you always were, Alice, and how I loved you. Your brother—but Alice, the perfume of those roses thrills me. Ah yes, we gathered roses from this bush that happy evening so many weary years ago; that evening when Fred told me of his love. You loved your brother, Alice, but not as I loved him. Then why was I parted from him and from the home of my childhood, from you and from all that was dear to me on earth? What had Fred done to merit my father's disfavour? He hadn't riches. He had only intellect, ambition and love to offer—and Clifford Dean was wealthy.

When father told me that Fred could never be my husband a strange feeling took possession of me. My heart began to break. But Alice, at nineteen a girl does not fully realize the meaning of heart throbs, and sleepless nights, and weary days. You tried to comfort me, Alice, but I lived on in a strange, wakeful dream. You remember the morning I left for the University. We kissed good-bye in this garden and tried to smile through our tears as each said to the other, "I shall always love you." The memory

of that parting has been very dear to me.

We did not meet again until the day of my marriage in the little church yonder, three years afterwards. Oh, Alice! Why did Fred come to that ceremony, and who brought roses to the church? I would have no flowers but lilies. Still it was dreary and delightful to forget all the painful present in the perfume of those roses, and to live again for a few short moments in the happy past. My eye slowly wandered over the church on the smiling faces of the friends who thought me happy; then I must have started violently, for I remember my lilies falling from my trembling hands. I had looked on Fred's pale face and read the pain and anguish there. How often that look has haunted me! I can see it now and hear the solemn words of the ceremony that made me the wife of Clifford Dean. Statue-like I received the good wishes of my friends, and statue-like I entered the carriage with my husband—my husband, Alice! The man whose gold had bought me from my father! The man whom I had wronged so deeply! O, foolish, foolish girl that I was!

There is little else to tell, Alice. My home in that far off city was elegant, my husband was esteemed by all who knew him, and every luxury that gold could give was mine. But what did I care for riches or power? The

scent of a rose gave me moments that I would not exchange for all the wealth of earth—moments that brought memories of love's sweet dream.

And, Alice, I have come home to die. God knows I have suffered much, and have tried to be a loving wife; and He has promised rest to all the heavy laden who come unto Him.

Fred will soon return from across the sea. He will go with you often to my grave in the churchyard. Some

glad day we will meet beyond. Be kind to my father, Alice—my poor, dear father. He does not know that my heart is broken. And my husband will be here to-morrow. They say I will be well again, but they cannot understand.

Kiss me good night, dear Alice. How beautiful the moonlight is! How sweet the summer air and the perfume of the roses! I shall soon be dreaming—dreaming.

*Annie Lang.*

## THE REAL PRINCE BISMARCK.

WHEN the history of this generation comes to be investigated and written, the figure of Prince Bismarck will fill a great place in the record. The outstanding features in European history during the century are not many, but they are vivid and of far-reaching consequence: the gradual decline of France, the growth of Russia, the expansion of the British Empire, and the re-creation of a powerful central state in Europe—the German Empire. The man who mainly constructed and solidified modern Germany must always, therefore, be a study of profound interest to all who come after him. In these days of a free press and much writing the public careers of the prominent men of the time are pretty familiar to us. But the secrets of the council chamber and the domestic circle are not all told. When the veil is lifted from these, light is often thrown upon the intentions of statesmen, and the real trend of public policy, which cannot be derived from the most assiduous study of official documents and acts.

This is eminently true of Bismarck, and "the secret pages of his history," which have just come from the pen of Dr. Moritz Busch\*, not merely gratify curiosity, but add considerably to the evidence and knowledge we possess regarding European politics during the last twenty-five years.

Dr. Busch's "sharp ear and attentive memory" incorporated in a diary, which he kept for over twenty years, the fullest information relative to Bismarck's conversations. Never had Johnson a more obsequious and faithful Boswell, than had the German Chancellor in this zealous, half-adoring, and always listening friend and functionary. We are not called upon to discuss the good taste, or even the morality of this conduct of the good Busch who heard a great many things and wrote them all down. We must be content to accept them for what they apparently are—a full revelation of Bismarck's private opinions and private proceedings during many years, recorded with the Chancellor's knowledge and permission, and with his full approval of their being given, after his death, to the world.

It is frequently said that no man is a hero to his own valet. And it may well be doubted if an exact record of any great person's hasty, frank opinions, uttered often without reflection, not seldom in anger, and always without thought of their being literally transcribed, can do much to impress him favourably upon posterity. Dr. Busch seems to have been a kind of human phonograph, who gave Bismarck occasional twinges of uneasiness, and on one occasion, at least, a decided fright. But Bismarck knew that the work of German unity was his, that he had achieved it in despite

\*Bismarck, some secret pages of his history. By Moritz Busch; 2 vols., with portraits, \$7.50. The Copp, Clark Co., Limited, Toronto.

of many obstacles and the stupidity of many professing co-adjutors, and he was quite willing that the whole story should be told. How does he come out of the ordeal? Much as contemporary opinion has adjudged him to be : a figure strong and heroic, marred a little by the passion, the malice and the cruelty which the secret chronicler depicts him to have shown at certain stages of his career, but in the main, a man of genius and of courage, for whose strength and insight no danger was too great and no situation too complicated. Bismarck found in Busch, an official in the German Foreign Office, an accurate and trustworthy agent for inspiring the German official press. The system was so elaborate and complete that if we forget the existence of a non-official and independent German press, we might infer that Bismarck framed, not only a policy for his country, but also most of the opinions of his fellow-countrymen. Leading articles, special contributions, letters to the editor flowed from the official pen on every phase of current events, and in 1870, Dr. Busch was in high favour with the Chancellor, and accompanied his staff to the frontier on the outbreak of the war with France. He deciphered despatches amid the roar of the guns at Sedan. He was instructed to keep the press supplied with information, told what troops to praise and what errors or popular conceptions to correct. Even the French newspapers, in the newly-conquered territory, were taken in hand and instructed what to say.

The tragic and historic occurrences of the great struggle are depicted graphically. The author was in daily contact with several of the principal actors in the drama. Some portions of this narrative are not entirely new, as Dr. Busch has incorporated a part of his previous book, "Prince Bismarck and his People During the Franco-German War," which appeared in 1878. But probably, to Canadian readers, this work is not very familiar. There is an interesting story told of its publication. After the close of the war

there was a temporary severance of the intimate relations between the Chancellor and his writer for the press. Bismarck had always known that he had a diarist at his elbow. He was informed that Busch intended to publish his diary. The consequences might have been serious, since the Chancellor had often, in social intercourse with his staff, spoken in the most unrestrained fashion of the German politicians of the day, of the petty German Kings and Princes, nay, even of the Imperial family itself. Chancellors are not exempt from the laws regarding lese-majestie. The diarist was summoned to the presence and asked his intentions. He was found, as was probably expected, trustworthy and discreet. He would submit proofs to the Chancellor who could correct or eliminate as he pleased, and the author would transfer the corrections to another set of proofs so that no one would know through whose hands the work had passed. This was done, though Bismarck afterwards found that even his censorship had failed to detect some statements which proved embarrassing. In the present volumes the author has restored those portions of the narrative which had to be omitted in 1878, and they make entertaining reading. The Chancellor at all times spoke with extraordinary freedom of persons high in authority. His contempt for the petty German princes, who were with the army in 1870, was strong. The "carrion crows," he called them, "a flight of vultures" and "a preying mob," while he ridiculed unceasingly their vanity and pretensions. He referred, at this period, in careless approval of the Crown Prince (Emperor Frederick): "He will get rid of many bad habits that render old gentlemen of his trade rather troublesome." As time went on, however, the Crown Prince fell lower in the Bismarckian calendar, for we find that "he wants, above everything, to have peace and a quiet life, and nothing to trouble him," and would, in fact, like to lead a pleasant existence "without much thought or care, plenty of money and praise from

the newspapers." Of the old Emperor, Bismarck complains unceasingly, and one of his anecdotes of royalty represents fairly the spirit in which he usually referred in private to the capacity of monarchs for governing. "That reminds me (he told Busch one day) how the Elector of Hesse sent his own doctor to Bernburg to make enquiries as to the mental condition of the last Duke. He reported that he had found him worse than he had expected, quite imbecile. 'But, good heavens, he cannot govern in that case!' exclaimed the Elector. 'Govern!' replied the Doctor, 'why, that will not prevent him'" Bismarck, in objecting to some passages in the author's book in the war, said: "Augusta [the Empress] will read the book carefully, underline it for him [the Emperor], and comment upon it. Of course, I know I had a hard time of it with him at Versailles for whole weeks. I wished to retire, and there was nothing to be done with him. Even now I have often a great deal of trouble with him. One writes an important note or despatch, revises it, rewrites it six or seven times, and then when he comes to see it he adds things that are entirely unsuitable, the very opposite of what one means and wishes to attain, and what is more, it is not even grammatical." What fate, indeed, can be reserved for monarchs who show equal disregard for their grammar and their Prime Ministers.

William I. also, it appears, would "have it that he has done everything himself; he likes to be in the foreground; he loves posing and the appearance of authority." The Empress Augusta, the Chancellor grumbled, worked against him constantly, and her influence with the Emperor was sometimes successful.

The Chancellor's attitude toward Great Britain was uniformly hostile, although, perhaps not more so than toward other nations. They were all pawns in the game, and any would have been sacrificed if German interests demanded it. His comments upon English affairs are at all times amusing. During the war he complains

that England's impartiality was a "fraudulent neutrality" since both France and Germany, being allowed to purchase horses and munitions of war there, the privilege was mostly of value to France. England, therefore, gained no good will from either side, as the French resented her policy of non-intervention. The Sabbath-keeping habits of Englishmen he thought tyrannous. "I remember the first time I went to England, on landing at Hull, I whistled in the street. An Englishman, whose acquaintance I had made on board, said to me, 'Pray sir, don't whistle.' I asked 'why not, is it forbidden here?' 'No,' he said, 'but it is the Sabbath.'" His knowledge of international relations was communicated freely to the author. "We were on good terms with England under Beaconsfield," he said in 1881, "but Professor Gladstone perpetrates one piece of stupidity after another. He has alienated the Turks; he commits follies in Afghanistan and at the Cape, and he does not know how to manage Ireland. There is nothing to be done with him." When Busch retired from the diplomatic service on a pension and took up literary and journalistic work, Bismarck employed him constantly to write articles in the press. One day, apropos of the French advance on Tunis, the instructions were: "Say nothing about England and Italy. It is in our interest if they should fall out with the French, and when the latter are busy in Tunis they cease to think of the Rhine frontier." He thought the Empress Frederick "a Liberal Englishwoman" who was a "follower of Gladstone," and possessed more influence with her husband than was desirable. But, on the whole, the author is probably more hostile to the English than was Bismarck.

As the Chancellor grew older he anticipated retirement from office, and more than once predicted that it would occur when Emperor William passed away. But cordial relations were established with Emperor Frederick, and during the short reign of this unfortunate prince, we hear of no disagree-

ments. The accession of the present Emperor also brought no complications at first, and there appeared to be no reason why Bismarck should not end his days in office. After the promulgation of the Imperial Rescript upon the labour question in 1890 signs of friction began to show themselves, and the concluding chapters of Dr. Busch's second volume furnish many particulars at first-hand from Bismarck, of the difference between the Emperor and himself and the ultimate withdrawal of the aged Chancellor to his home and private life. It is all very interesting, but is scarcely the most satisfactory period of the Chancellor's career, as fretfulness, ill-health, and disappointment embittered his temper and forced him into an attitude the reverse of

heroic and impressive. The work is not a literary master-piece, and the narrative presupposes a general knowledge of the course of German affairs, but the interest of the reader does not flag, and no one can doubt that the diary is essentially truthful, if not always discreet. Some defter hand may later on work up the material it contains into a more consecutive account of Bismarck's life, but its simple directness and conscientiousness in detail will continue to render the diary a stronger and more effective presentation of the last years of Bismarck than almost any other form of biography that could be conceived. It has already stirred up a political and journalistic tumult in Germany, and in Canada it deserves to be widely read.

A. H. U. Colquhoun.



"THAT IS QUITE ANOTHER THING."

I LAVISHED my heart on a flippant *Française*,  
Who distractingly languishing glances bestows;  
But when I exclaimed, "Be my bride," she said "Sir,  
Voilà une autre chose."

The churchman who scorns in public to sin,  
With pious self-pride through devotions goes.  
But smite ye his cheek,—Will he t'other turn ?  
Voilà une autre chose.

The man clam'ring "Liberty, Justice for all !"  
In wrathful rebellion at tyranny's woes,  
With abuse hisses hot at his family, for  
Voilà une autre chose.

We think we are truthful. Who dares speak the truth ?  
Scorning to lie, what we will, we disclose.  
But flaunt to the world for Truth's sake the Truth,  
Voilà une autre chose.

'Tis so with the world, for its dealings are dark.  
Friends you may have, staunch and true, you suppose;  
If you hav'nt the money to pay your way,  
Voilà une autre chose.

Samuel Maber.



## CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

THE Sirdar found Major Marchand at Fashoda, but he was not thereby prevented from hoisting the British and Egyptian flags and taking possession of the place. The French officer said that he had instructions from his Government to claim the town for France, but he would offer no opposition to the British occupation. This magnanimity of the Major has its comic side. The British victory at Omdurman saved the French expedition from annihilation, and had it been delayed even a fortnight Major Marchand would have probably suffered the fate of so many African adventurers. As it was he allowed the sign of British conquest to float over Fashoda, merely falling back on the hope that his priority of arrival would furnish a basis for negotiation on the part of his Government.

Lord Salisbury, however, seems doggedly determined in the opinion that there is nothing to negotiate about, and even those of us who are not bitten with the idea that Britain has a divine right to stamp the broad arrow on anything that she covets, will agree that Egypt's title to the Khalifa's dominions has been re-established by the right of conquest. The claim of Major Marchand, saved from destruction by the success of the British and Egyptian forces, stands surely on a very flimsy foundation. There are of course disputes between the two countries at other points of the compass which may lead to negotiation with a view to a complete settlement of all causes of misunderstanding, but we may be sure that the possession of Fashoda will not be one of the disputed questions. Let us hope that the Newfoundland shore matter, however, will be one of them. The situation on the west coast is a perfect millstone round the neck of the oldest colony and stands in the way of the Island's progress and prosperity. No settlement can be arrived at that

will please one class of English men—the class that carry about with them the conviction that the earth is Britain's and the fullness thereof. The viewpoint of this section of the public was amusingly illustrated in the public prints recently by a writer who said that the possession of Senegambia by the French was an obstacle to the progress or enlargement of Sierra Leone, the adjoining British possession. Had a Frenchman reversed the statement we would have been quick to see how fat-witted it was. Let us have some sanity and English common sense in this great African game of "I'm the king of the castle."

At the root of the matter so far as Britain is concerned, there lies a quite prosaic and practical concern. The British merchant and manufacturer finds that when a piece of heatheness falls into the grip or "protection" of a European power, the protection at once takes the fiscal form and goods from the United Kingdom have to overleap a tariff barrier. The only feasible way to prevent this is for Britain herself to seize the territories or make them a "sphere of influence," which prevents other powers from closing the door. It has been happily christened the open-door policy. It is this consideration that wins the support of the commercial classes in England for the rage for territorial acquisition that is the most striking feature of international politics at the present moment. In a recent speech, M. Liotard hinted that France could subscribe to the principle of the open door. An intelligible earnest of this would be the opening of the door in the colonies that France already controls—Algeria, Madagascar, Tunis, Senegal, Tonquin, Anam, Cochin-China, Cambodia, the Congo, etc. The admission of foreign goods on the same terms as French goods would be something that rival



powers could not misinterpret to the discredit of the Republic.

The position of affairs in France is, on the whole, more satisfactory than it has been for some time. The determination of M. Brisser to have the Dreyfus case re-opened has had a calming effect, showing that courage in doing right, even although it seems to tend to the precipitation of a storm, is the shortest way out of a difficulty like this. Circumstances had cast grave doubts on the methods by which Captain Dreyfus had been found guilty, and so long as the idea remained in even a few noble minds that an innocent man, the victim of a conspiracy, was suffering as cruel a punishment as can be conceived of, there could be no peace for the French authorities. Obviously the way out was to have a new trial, and the Premier is entitled to the credit of having the courage to order it, notwithstanding, that colleague after colleague resigned, that the army raged and that even his constitutional master, the President, was hostile. M. Brisser has displayed unexpected firmness and real statesmanship, and its effect is at once apparent in the nation. Unfortunately the early indecision gave play to the turbulent elements, and even in the great strike, which is the latest of her troubles, there is a note of contempt for law and order that is apt to appear when the people feel that the hand of government is weak and wavering. The administration will seek relief in a foreign war, is the thought in some quarters, and it is pointed out that the Anglo-French disputes in Africa offer a tempting excuse. This is more the remedy of a desperate dynasty than of a constitutional minister or President.



TSAL-TIEN-HWANG-TI, EMPEROR OF CHINA.

The tenure of office of either is not so extended at best as to justify so terrible an aid to its prolongation. There is no conflict so unlikely at this moment as an Anglo-French conflict. Something remarkable would have to happen to precipitate so dreadful a catastrophe. Lord Roseberry's speech, far from making war more likely, is, on the contrary, a distinct contribution to peace, as showing unmistakeably where the two countries stand.

China still holds the centre of the stage. For many days it was believed that the Emperor had been "removed," but it is now thought that practical dethronement is the extent of his punishment. The dowager Empress is in the saddle, in the character of a high priestess of reaction. Everyone suspected of having a leaning towards reform or the ways of the "foreign devils" is

being evicted from office and persecuted. An outbreak of mob-violence was contemporaneous with this attempt to push back the hands, which gave excuse for bringing a detachment of Cossacks to Peking to protect the Russian embassy, the other powers hastening to follow suit, even Japan suddenly appearing in Peking to her astonished neighbour as one of the great forces of the earth. If the nation were capable of reflection or of the familiar process of putting two and two together this avatar of Japan would cause much cogitation. The policy of the Empress appears to outsiders, at least, extremely wrong-headed. She may well suspect that the interest of the occidental nations in China is one and all thoroughly selfish, but the selfishness of the British is certainly not inconsistent with the autonomy and continuance of the Chinese Empire. Lord Salisbury is quite willing, nay anxious, to keep his hands off if other powers do not make his interference necessary for the protection of British interests. Russian interests, however, necessarily threaten the integrity of Chinese territory, and yet the Empress and her advisers are being led willing captives at the tail of the northern despot's car. There is not even the excuse of helplessness, for if Russia made aggressive inroads on the Empire it would be merely necessary for China to appeal to the forum of the nations. Their jealousies might be dependent on to support her as against each other. The British policy is to

leave China alone, and, as that accords with honesty and justice, the powers that favor a game of grab would at least have to support their bad morals with argument. In courting the Russian alliance, the Empress is contributing to the ruin of the country.

Lord Salisbury is being severely criticised because of his lack of firmness in the Chinese matter. It is shown that his failure to support Kang-Yu-Wei, the pro-British Cantonese reformer encourages the belief among the Celestials that friends of Britain may be persecuted with impunity, while the friends of Russia sit in the high places. Whether this is the position of affairs is impossible to tell with the limited means we have of knowing what is really occurring in China. We may be sure, however, that Sir Claude Macdonald, the British minister at Peking, and Lord Salisbury know more about the reformer and his following than their critics do—and so much depends on that. This aspect of the case was amusingly illustrated in a *Punch* cartoon recently where two Hodges were depicted as discussing these high foreign politics, when at length one of them closes the subject by the reflection that possibly Lord Salisbury possessed "hinformation" that they did not have. If Lord Salisbury is trying to find a way out of these complications which shall neither sacrifice British interests nor precipitate a war. Surely he is to be praised rather than blamed. The highest British interest is peace, consistent with honour and self-respect.

Spain finds the terms of peace a bitter draught. Whether the United States determines to hold the Philippines or not, they are insistent on getting control of them; to give them away



FROM NEW YORK "HERALD."

THE BATTLE OF DIPLOMACY.

Will the Pen Prove Mightier Than the Sword for Spain?

if they feel so disposed. Once possessed of them it is not at all likely that they will make gifts of them. The Spanish commissioners concentrate their efforts on being allowed to retain a ghost of their former empire. Whether this is a sincere desire or whether it is a mere pawn in the game, to be used for escaping all financial responsibility is not easily decided. Whether the retention of the Phillipines after the loss of Cuba and Porto Rico would be good policy, may well be doubted. The financial question is the most ominous feature in Spanish politics now. The cutting off of the West Indian Colonies will greatly effect many of her industries and clearly the Government must economise. This could be far better effected by being freed of all colonial debts, as well as the remaining colonies, than otherwise. The struggle for the retention of the Phillipines may, therefore, be a mere mask to disguise the real aim of the commissioners, which is to be freed from the colonial debts.

The Turk appears to have decided to evacuate Crete, although his reputation for guile causes him to be suspected of having a card up his sleeve, which he will play at the proper moment. There are indications that he has already tried the old game of appealing privately to such of his fellow-monarchs as might be again deceived by that plan. It has evidently failed this time, even his Imperial friend, who goes with his distinguished passport to the Holy Land, not being able to do anything for him. From the political point of view it is unfortunate that Britain is so frequently in conflict with Islamism in one or other of its strongholds. No sooner is the Khalifa disposed of than she appears in the fore-front as the coercer of the Sultan, the political leader, if not the spiritual leader, of the Mohammedan world. We may be sure that busy pens are keeping England's Mohammedan subjects in India and Egypt well informed of the persecution



SIR CLAUDE M. MACDONALD.

The British Diplomatic Representative at Peking.

of the faithful by the chief of the Giaour nations.

We did not need to wait for Dr. Busch's book to ascertain that Bismarck was prepared to lie both at home and abroad for the good of his country. That had been already sufficiently well revealed. The unification of Germany was the grand drama which the spectators applauded. Dr. Busch admits us behind the scenes where we see the frowsy green-room, the ill-made traps, and the cob-webbed machinery by which the grand spectacle was presented. The "puissant monarchs" and their faithful servitor are discovered in their shabby street costumes, deprived of the tinsel and lights that seemed to raise them above humanity. The merit of the Brandenburg squire is that he bears such an examination without losing in stature. The pitiful falsehoods and frauds to which he was a party do not disguise from us the fact that one of the greatest figures in history has lived in our time. Their highnesses do not fare so well.

*John A. Ewan.*

# EDITORIAL COMMENT

THIS issue is notable in many ways. It is the opening issue of the twelfth volume, and it is fitting that the first article in it should be from the pen of its founder and first editor. It contains the first instalment of a new story by Joanna E. Wood, the brilliant young Canadian who has recently won fame by her excellent literary work. The first instalment of a reliable account of the Red River Expedition by an officer of Lord Wolseley's force is also worthy of special mention. Mr. McGillicuddy's article on the late Hon. M. C. Cameron was written for the CANADIAN MAGAZINE at the request of the editor. The Hallowe'en story is written by a sister of Charles G. D. Roberts, who has, like her brothers, the literary talent. Mr. John A. Ewan, the war correspondent of the *Toronto Globe*, was recently tendered a complimentary banquet by the directors and staff of the paper. Mr. Ewan has won much reputation by his clever series of letters from the front, and we are sure that the constant readers of his "Current Events Abroad" in this publication will not deny that he possesses talent, ability and a graceful style.

If there is one feature more than any other which is to be condemned in Canadian newspapers, it is their ceaseless quotation from United States periodicals. A certain daily in British Columbia has five or six columns a day of material which looks as if it were clipped without charge from United States dailies. In fact, in reading some of the headings and opening paragraphs one gets confused as to whether the paper is published in Canada or the United States. A weekly published in Summerside, P.E.I., came to hand last week with nearly four columns of its front page filled with

quotations from New York magazines; one extract was headed: "Our Military Mismanagement and Its Cause," and yet it dealt with the Santiago campaign. These are but two of the many examples which our newspaperdom offers.

Numbers of papers throughout the country use half-printed papers technically known as ready-prints, or plate-matter prepared in Toronto. The factories which produce these do not pay for their contributed articles, stories and general matter. All this class of reading is cut from the United States periodicals—practically stolen. The weekly newspaper that uses such material cannot be highly commended, and yet hundreds of weeklies do use it in every issue.

As citizens, we often lament the slow growth of patriotism and of Canadian literature. And is this slowness of growth surprising when our newspapers make no difference between what is foreign and what is Canadian; when journalists do not think it improper to call the United States military problems "our problems"; when United States school books are designated "our school books" by these intelligent wielders of the scissors; when Canadian short-story writers are ignored, and United States litterateurs boomed and advertised; when Canadian poets and writers are snubbed and foreigners exalted to the seats of fame?

And the journalists of the country are no more careless than the people, or this state of circumstances would not exist. If Canadians demanded Canadian literature they would get it. But they buy United States books, United States magazines, United States periodicals at higher prices than are asked for good native material; and even admitting for the sake of argu-

ment that this United States material is better than corresponding Canadian reading, there is little excuse for such conduct. Canadian journalists and Canadian readers owe a duty to themselves and to their country, the sense of which should be strong enough to insist that Canadian literature should have first place on their reading tables and on their bookshelves.

Then there comes up the question of British newspapers and books. We seldom see a quotation from a British newspaper in a Canadian daily, unless it is in the cable despatches, and ninety-five per cent. of these cables come through New York. Canadian journalists do not read British newspapers to any extent. Nor do the people. There are ten United States monthlies and weeklies sold in Canada to one British periodical. And yet we pride ourselves on our British connection; we revere the Union Jack and all it represents; and we bow down and worship the god-like Mother, who is a pattern of goodness and virtue to all her people.

How anxious we all are for success, and how impatient we become when the progress is slow! And yet Sir Herbert Kitchener once waited twelve years for one step of promotion. In 1871 he joined the Royal Engineers, and did not become a captain until 1883. What a long wait for a man of so much energy! But the reward came. In 1884, in 1885 and in 1888 he was again promoted until he then held the rank of Colonel. In 1896 he became Major-General. In 1898 he became—everything—a British hero, a peer of the realm, Lord Kitchener of Khartoum.

Canada possesses one regiment of regular infantry, no more, no less. To that one regiment the politicians send such of their sons as may be possessed of military ambitions. These latter estimable qualities are so great that promotions must be rapid. To-day lieutenant, to-morrow captain, a week from to-day major; or, perhaps, as in the case of one bright young French-

man, to-day lieutenant, to-morrow lieutenant-colonel.

Are Canadians lacking in patience; or was Major-General Hutton warning us when he said, addressing a gathering of officers in Toronto, that we are approaching a crisis in military affairs? Is it possible that somebody, who is greater than Canadian public opinion, will force the Canadian Government to divorce the militia and politics? Has Downing Street ordered that there shall be no more political appointments to the permanent force? If our citizens who desire to be majors and lieutenant-colonels cannot become so in a few months, how disappointing it will be! But, perhaps, it will teach our soldiers patience when they must needs wait several years for each step of their promotion. Perhaps, too, private citizens without any military college training will not be so anxious to be appointed to the permanent force.

For years the United States people have allowed the politicians to control their army, regular and volunteer. The consequence was that when it was called upon to do serious work, it broke down ignominiously, and the lives of hundreds of bright young men were sacrificed.

The new commander of the Canadian forces seems to be making a very good impression. He is possessed of plenty of dignity, is well set-up, in the prime of life, a man whom other men may admire and imitate. Without being to the slightest extent ostentatious, he is earnest, vigorous, penetrating and observant. His eye is bright and sparkling; his voice is pleasant and commanding; while his speech is easy, earnest, thoughtful. His services in the army at home and abroad, in Africa and Australia, have been such as to fit him for his present position.

He must be a man of great courage. I can imagine a man rushing a zarefa, scaling the enemy's wall, riding down hostile artillerymen, but my imagination fails me when I try to imagine a British officer willingly leaving the



army to come to Canada in order to serve under a minister of militia who usually knows more of everything else in the world than of milita matters, to fill a position which no man has ever attempted with success. Yet Major-General Hutton is here, and his face bears no trace of fear. I believe, however, that in his heart of hearts there is a trembling which he may not always be able to hide. He has been ordered to Canada; being a British soldier he came. Even if our politics prevent his adding to his reputation, he will know that he has done what England expects of every man—his duty.

He is taking a great interest in his work. The Adjutant of a Toronto battalion remarked to me, after the General's inspection, that General Hutton already knew more of his battalion and of its interior economy than any previous General did when his term of office was completed. Another senior officer jokingly pointed out the General's characteristic by singing out to a group of officers in the Military Institute: "Colonel, will have your men march past again. There are a few men in the rear rank who did not hold their breath."

At present Canada is in the position of a man who has been given a large increase in his salary, and is doing his best to spend it. The revenue is going up very fast; so is the expenditure. And a cabinet minister has the audacity to say that it is a delight to the Government of the day to be able to spend so much money. Instead of seeking to retrench and pay off the country's debt, the Government goes on planning fresh ways of spending the increase of the fat years upon which Canada seems to have entered.

Our liabilities were contracted by a government which was of a different political stripe from that now in office, and it may be rather galling for the present party in power to have to pay these debts. Nevertheless, according to our system, each party is an instrument of the people, and therefore these debts are the people's debts. As such they should be paid.

The present ministers seem to have the same ideas regarding expenditure as their predecessors, viz.: that the people are pleased to see the money spent. The idea is wrong. The mean, clinging, cringing gangs of machine politicians who are to be found in almost every Canadian constituency may be pleased, but these are not the people. They make the most noise, but they do not cast the greatest number of ballots. Their palms are so black, so greasy, so filthy that they can applaud at great length without feeling physical pain—and moral pain is unknown to them. But the great mass of the voters in this country, the men who read and think, are not in favour of extravagance. They desire economy in government, because they are practising it in private life. They turned out the late Conservative Government because it was too free with its estimates; and just as surely will they wreck the present Liberal Government if it does not retrench in its yearly expenditure,—and in making such an assertion I am not prophesying.

On September 29th, Canada made a fresh mark in the history of social reform by taking a national plebiscite on the question of the total prohibition of intoxicating liquors. Full official reports are not yet to hand, but the secretary of the temperance organization gives the following summary: Out of 8 political sub-divisions (7 provinces and 1 group of territories), the antis carried 1, the pros 7; out of 206 constituencies, with 213 representatives, the antis carried 80 constituencies and 84 representatives, the pros 126 constituencies and 129 representatives; total majority for pros, 7 provinces, 46 constituencies, 45 representatives and 10,000 voters.

Though personally opposed to prohibition, I must confess that the temperance people have achieved something of which they may be proud. Everything was against them. There was no other issue before the people, and little interest was taken by a very large number of people who, if they had voted, would have voted "Yes." The



organization of temperance voters was extremely difficult, because what is everybody's business is nobody's business. On the other hand, the liquor men were few in number, had a large financial stake in the contest, and as a consequence possessed a better organization. The result is plainly seen in the towns and cities; there the liquor men worked hard, voted plenty of absentees, and at the end of the day had a majority of the votes cast. Under these circumstances, I repeat, the temperance people did very well.

Of course, the whole thing was a farce. The Liberal Government was not anxious to grant prohibition, because it involved the alienation of the liquor vote, and the re-adjustment of several millions of dollars revenue. There is a majority in favour of prohibition in this country, but our rulers are perfectly aware that this majority is not either large enough or sufficiently in earnest to repay a government what it would lose by enacting prohibitory laws. The granting of a plebiscite was a sop to people who have not a great deal of influence in politics.

What I stated last month I still maintain. Prohibitionists are revolutionists, not evolutionists. If they would agitate for the closing of saloons or for the doing away with the treating system, they would pave a solid road over which prohibition might travel after a few years. Make it an offence, punishable with a \$100 fine, to buy a friend a drink in a public drinking house and three-quarters of the evils of which temperance people justly complain would be eradicated.

In the meantime the temperance people must accept the inevitable, for their majority was not large enough to justify any government in prohibiting the manufacture and sale of exhilarating beverages.

The United States citizens who are seeking to obtain permission to erect at Quebec a monument to General Montgomery, who fell there in 1775,

are certainly lacking in both good taste and judgment. Our historical and loyalist societies are aroused, and are petitioning the Canadian government to refuse or permit the erection of any memorial. The following is the text of a resolution passed at a recent meeting of the Women's Canadian Historical Society :

"That the said Gen. Richard Montgomery, having served under Major-General Wolfe at the taking of Quebec on Sept. 13, 1759, did later use the knowledge then obtained while serving under the British flag to lead an invading army into Canada, and fell assaulting Quebec, therefore, to permit the erection of an international monument, or one of any character to do honour to the invader, would be at once an insult to the memory of the men who defended it and to the feelings of their loyal descendants, and would also in the future confuse the minds of the children as to the duty they owe their country. Also, it is without precedent that a people, or a city or a Government should permit the erection of a monument within its borders to glorify an invader. And your petitioners would further suggest that if it be desired to honour the heroes of that period of our history the city of Quebec should be enriched with a monument to Sir Guy Carleton, who defended her, or to the gallant Beaujeu, who raised a force to drive out the invading army, and whose loyalty and devotion remain unrecognized.

"We, therefore, pray your Government to take this matter into your earnest consideration in order that the necessary steps may be taken to prevent what would be an outrage on the patriotic feelings of the people."

The great United States papers are devoting columns to the "Ministering Angels," the nurses, who have heroically cared for the sick and the wounded soldier. This work will be all over in a few months. What are the aforesaid ministering angels going to do then? They will go back to spend all the money they can procure in dress, and all their spare time in gossip—most of them, at least. There will be a few who will devote the spare moments of their lives to helping father and brother, and a few of these few will go farther and help to rescue and restore the weak, the poor, the illiterate, and the fallen.

*John A. Cooper.*

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

### THE LATEST FICTION.

SOME novelists seem to have no serious intent in their novels. Grant Allen has said that novel writing is entirely frivolous. Walter Besant, however, is in earnest on some pages if not all. On page 145 of his new novel, "The Romance of a Midshipman,"\* this paragraph is found:

"It is certain the French hate us. They are taught to hate us when they are boys, and they continue to hate us when they are men. They are a treacherous people, as dangerous in this age as ever they were in the days of Bonaparte, and I never see our press kowtowing to them, and then read the French papers' abuse of Albion, without wishing that our editors, instead of directing journals, commanded men-of-war."

This is a remark which is very interesting in the light of the political developments of the past two months. But that is not the reason it is quoted. It shows that Sir Walter believes that a novel may teach serious lessons. The hero of this book is a young English boy, who was educated in France where his father lived. On p. 92 he preaches a brief sermon to boys.

"... My solemn and most earnest injunction to any boy whose eyes should chance to light upon this page is—tell the truth, be fearless, reflect, and speak the truth. For the truth is the basis of all the virtues, and a boy who loves the truth, and will not stoop to a falsehood, is armed with a power which will enable him to resist temptation, for he knows that if he sins he will own it if asked, and the obligation of confession will preserve him from sinning. . . ."

These examples show that Sir Walter differs greatly from Weyman, Hope, Davis and the other brilliant novelists of the day whose one aim is to amuse. With Besant may be classed such writers as George Moore, Robert Hardy, Mrs. Ward and a few others. And I doubt if, when the literary history of the nineteenth century comes to be written by the wise men of the twentieth century, the names of Weyman, Hope and Davis and all others of that ilk will be even mentioned; while I am quite certain that Walter Besant will be a name to head a chapter.

Of a very different character is "John Splendid,"† by Neil Munro. The author never obtrudes an opinion of his own, nor does he endeavour to add to his story any side-show attraction. His work is a prose tragedy, a tale of the Highlands and the Wars of the Montrose. John Splendid is a man who is never very successful at anything, yet he represents some of the ideals of mankind, and as such may be admired. If he lies, he does it for the benefit of others. If he makes a foolish sacrifice, it is for the benefit of a friend. If he is weak, his weakness is not due to lack of moral fibre, but rather to an unselfishness which is not always necessary. He comes upon the stage which Mr. Munro has erected and passes out at the other end regretfully but pleasantly leaving the heroine in the arms of another. The author gives no introduction, offers no comment, and pronounces no panegyric. He simply paints the man of his imagination as he is, and leaves him.

And who is Neil Munro? I do not know. He is a newcomer, who has found his way into *Blackwoods* and *The Bookman* with a serial story which now appears in book form. He tells a delightful tale, using a setting which Scott, and Crockett, and Maclaren, and other followers of these, have used before him. The tale is delightful, not because of its setting, but because of its telling. There is a picturesqueness of style, a freshness in simile and metaphor, a sim-

\* Unwin's Colonial Library.

† Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.

plicity of sentiment which make this novel a work of art. Munro may not make a sensation in the literary world, but he is certainly making an unusually good impression.

It has been occasionally asserted that Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, author of "Hugh Wynne," is a Canadian by birth. This is not true. He was born in Philadelphia and educated in that city. He may have resided for a time in Montreal; but it was not for any great length of time, for he has had a wide medical experience in the United States. His earliest writings were connected with this medical work.

His new novel, "The Adventures of Francois,"\* will no doubt find many readers. As it traces the career of a "foundling, thief, juggler and fencing-master" during the French Revolution, it is crowded full of adventure, and gives a story of life during one of the most thrilling and complicated series of events of modern times. The illustrations by Castaigne are magnificent and add much to the value of the book.



NEIL MUNRO.

Louis Becke is, if I mistake not, an Australasian. He has written "Wild Life in Southern Seas," "The Ebbing of the Tide," "By Reef and Palm and Other Stories," and his latest volume, "Rodman the Boat Steerer."† This last is a volume of short stories, all savouring of the Indian Ocean, of south sea trading brigs, sperm whalers, pearling schooners, grizzled and ungrizzled traders, Peruvian slavers,—stories of love and adventure, the ever old and the ever new. Canadians who are narrow minded enough to love Canadian stories may be here reminded that there are other narrow peoples who are pleased to read *their* stories; and further, that these stranger stories might possibly be found amusing and entertaining if the reader's mind is in a ready and receptive state. In any case Louis Becke, it must be acknowledged, is a story writer of much merit who can enter those heart chambers in which are tears and laughter.

To my way of thinking, there is but one word which gives Kipling's chief characteristic, and that is "strength." He tells of a civil engineer's assistant, whose right arm was broken by a falling T-plate when something went wrong with the bridge crane; "and he buttoned it up in his coat and swooned, and came to and directed for four hours till Peroo, from the top of the crane, reported 'All's well,' and the plate swung home." Only a young assistant to an engineer who is building a bridge across the Ganges, but he has "strength"—the quality Kipling loves, the quality Kipling most displays.

Or take "William the Conqueror," another story in this new volume, "The Day's Work."‡ Was there ever a woman who dared more than she? To live with her brother in a whitewashed bungalow in the hot Indian season because he was too poor to send her to the cool mountains; to go with him on his sudden mission to the famine district, six days and seven nights on a train with the thermometer above the hundred mark; to toil in that famine district to help a dozen white people save millions of illiterate, superstitious, unwashed natives; to milk goats and feed mother-deserted babies,—"loathsome, black children,

\* Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.

† London: T. Fisher Unwin.

‡ Toronto: George N. Morang. Cloth, 431 pp. Illustrated.

scores of them, wasters picked up by the wayside, their bones almost breaking their skin, terrible and covered with sores," to cheer on men drooping from overwork and trembling with the ague of fever, until she herself is "white as ashes, thin and worn, with no lustre in her hair." Where will one find a counterpart for Miss William Martyn, "William the Conqueror," William the strong?

As one reads Kipling, that expression of Gilbert Parker's in "The Trespasser" involuntarily comes to one's mind. When Belward is forced to go to the dying mother, and to tell her how, away on the ice-bound coast of Labrador in a fit of solitude-induced frenzy, he had shot her son; Gilbert Parker says of him: "He did not know how dramatically he told it—how he etched it without a waste word." And so with nervous energy, without numerous and complicated phrases, without any waste of force, Kipling etches his pictures. Here a strong line; there a bit of bright colour, not gaudy, but a strong shade; there a curve which may not be pretty but which is strikingly handsome; and so the picture grows. It may be in prose, it may be in verse, it is always steeped in a great man's strength.

For four years Kipling has been preparing this new volume of cameo scenes of Indian life, the engineers, the overseers, the shipmasters, "the day's work" of the various cogs in the British machinery which rules a country containing 220,000,000 natives who are, as Carlyle said of their rulers, "mostly fools." The stories are all wonderful. Whether they are Kipling's best work must be left for the great critics to decide.

The historical romance is yet with us. The latest volume of this character sent out to make an appeal to human hearts is "The Grenadier,"\* by James E. Farmer. When I first picked up the book I asked, "Who is Mr. Farmer?" And the title page answered "Author of Essays on French History." After that I was watchful, and discovered the expected. It is the work of an historian, not of a dramatist. The story is told, but much beside, and the tale jolts like the pioneer's waggon on a corduroy road. It is the life story of a member of the Emperor's Old Guard, mixed up with facts and figures about Napoleon, his clothes, his food, his secretaries, his generals—and his battles. And of Wellington's crowning victory this novelist-historian says:

"Waterloo! Who thinks of it as a victory? It has become a synonym for defeat, because the vanquished was greater than the victor."

And I looked once more upon the gaudy red cover, but I read no more of the printed pages. The man who slanders my heroes, who depreciates my nation's victories—why should I love him even long enough to review his book sympathetically?

#### NOTES.

The Copp, Clark Co. have just issued "The Trespasser," by Gilbert Parker. It is not a new book, but it is now published here for the first time. As it deals with a delicate subject, it has not, and will not be pushed in this market. Nevertheless, it is just as stirring a piece of work as this famous Canadian has ever produced. The dialogue is bright, terse and clever. The plot is good, and the binding artistic.

George N. Morang has issued a new edition of "The Book of Games." This is a very handy volume for people who entertain; and who doesn't? It contains directions for 115 games, all of them simple and practicable.

T. C. Allen & Co., of Halifax, N.S., have issued three small text-books of considerable value: Macaulay's Essay on Milton, with Introduction and Notes by David Soloman, B.A.; Milton's Short Poems, with Introduction and Notes by

\* Toronto: George N. Morang. Paper.

A. Cameron ; and the Sir Roger De Coverley Papers, similarly treated. The editors are all Nova Scotian educationists.

The Art Calendar, designed and hitherto published by the Toronto Art League, is to be issued this year by Mr. George N. Morang ; the members of the Art League confining their efforts to the production of the drawings by which the attractive book is illustrated. The work is this year to consist of twenty-eight pages of pictures, with a most artistic cover in red and black designed by Weir Crouch, formerly of Toronto, but now one of the first decorative artists in New York.

"Stories of the Maple Land" is the title of a 25-cent book by Miss Katherine A. Young, of Hamilton. The style of both writing and printing makes it very suitable for children's reading. (The Copp, Clark Co.)

"Grace O'Malley, Princess and Pirate" is a story issued in Cassell's Colonial Library. The author is Robert Machray, who has contributed to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, and who is the son of one of the leading Episcopal divines of this country. This novel contains some very interesting incidents and some very fair writing.

"Fifty Years a Priest" is the title of a biographical sketch of Monsignor Thomas Connolly, Vicar-General of the Diocese of St. John. It is printed by Barnes & Co., of St. John, and apparently is from the pen of the Rev. W. C. Gaynor, a writer not unknown to readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. (Paper, 64 pages.)

"Meadowhurst Children, and Other Tales," by Eleanor LeSueur MacNaughton, is a very pretty little collection of tales for children. It is issued by The Editor Publishing Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Several good Christmas Numbers may be expected this year. The *Globe*, and the *Saturday Night*, of Toronto, and the *Herald*, of Montreal, will each issue a special number of this character. Preference should be given to the one containing the most and the best Canadian literature.

The Copp, Clark Co. are now preparing Canadian editions of two new books by Weyman and Crockett. Weyman's is entitled : "The Castle Inn," an English romance of the time of George III. Crockett's, "The Red Axe," is a very strong story of adventure in Pomerania, three centuries ago. The lawless doings of the German Robber-Barons, the close relation of the story to history, and Crockett's reputation, are three features which should make this book "a success," in the ordinary sense of that expression.

Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison (Seranus), the well-known poetess of this city, has written a novel which is to be published shortly by Edward Arnold, of London, Eng. Mr. Morang has arranged to bring out a simultaneous Canadian edition. The title of the book is "The Forest of Berry Marie," and it deals with French-Canadian life, Mrs. Harrison's acquaintance with which is extensive and peculiar. Mrs. Harrison has of late written several short stories of merit for the English magazines.

Robert Barr's new novel, "Tekla," will increase his fame and popularity. It will also be an evidence that he is capable of industrious research. In order to write of the Middle Ages as he has in this novel, not only European travel was necessary, but a careful examination of old documents and legends. In a word, the author, like Weyman, Gilbert Parker, Anthony Hope and others, has followed in the steps of Sir Walter Scott and endeavoured to make the past live and breathe again. The moderns who attempt this must, of necessity, fall occasionally into anachronisms and the mistake of making their characters speak with



Nineteenth Century voices. Their work must be judged of as a whole, and regarded in the broad like some modern paintings which are best on the wall of a wide gallery so that the beholder can get far enough away from them to gain the general effect. It will be found, however, that Mr. Barr has been doggedly careful and canny, and that the element of interest and romance is strong in Tekla. Tekla, by the way, is a lovely countess—"the most beautiful vision that ever floated before the eyes of man," murmurs the Emperor, on the seventh page. Her trials and conquests form the subject-matter of a story that will redound to the credit of Mr. Barr's literary skill and versatility.

William Briggs' autumn list of publications is a more than usually large one, containing a number of works of real importance. There are in all eighteen different books, and of these all but three, we understand, are printed from type set up in this House—making them thus distinctively Canadian. A Canadian publisher giving employment to Canadian workmen, and issuing the work of Canadian authors is doing something substantial for his country—and, let us hope, for himself also.

Miss Margaret Auglin is so well-known in Canadian circles, and her stage success has been a sincere gratification to so many of her friends, that the issuing of a dainty edition of "Cyrano de Bergerac," the play in which she does so much with the part of Roxane, will be regarded as timely. It is hinted that the portrait of the gifted and amiable young actress will gracefully form the frontispiece.

Among the early issues from the press of William Briggs is a well-written biography of "John Black, the Apostle of the Red River," from the pen of Rev. Dr. Bryce, of Winnipeg. Into the volume—which he intends as the first of a series of sketches of eminent Presbyterian worthies—Dr. Bryce has gathered a great deal of valuable historical data not previously published.

Deputy-Minister-of-Agriculture-for-Ontario, C. C. James,—(the title is a long one)—has written a school text book on Agriculture which has been most cordially received by competent judges in this country and the adjoining republic. It deals in the simplest and most charming manner with the rudiments and principles of the science of agriculture. It is a work that should be made compulsory in our schools where it is of prime necessity that the basic industry of the country should be thoroughly understood.

James Croil's "Steam Navigation"—a handsome compact volume of 381 pages, with a large number of interesting and attractive engravings—reaches our table too late to review in this number. We notice a number of chapters are devoted to the great waterways of Canada and the United States, and the enormous commerce that is carried along these to and from the sea. The book appears to be a carefully prepared and really valuable work. It is published by William Briggs.

Rev. Dr. King, President of the Manitoba College, Winnipeg, has written a commentary on "In Memoriam," which is likely to take a high place among the books that have already been written on this fruitful subject. Last winter Dr. King delivered a series of lectures on "In Memoriam" at Winnipeg, and the discourses were so cordially received that he was encouraged to revise them and to gather their substance into a book. The work, which is to be published shortly, is said by those who have seen advance sheets to be interesting and instructive.

**Ready November 15th : "Hypnotism ? or The Experiment of Sir Hugh Galbraith," a Romance by Julian Durham.**



# IDE MOMENTS

## INSURANCE UP-TO-DATE.

"A man called on me the other day with the idea of insuring my life. Now, I detest life insurance agents; they always argue that I shall someday die; which is not so. I have been insured a great many times, for about a month at a time, but have had no luck with it at all.

So I made up my mind that I would outwit this man at his own game. I let him talk straight ahead and encouraged him all I could, until he finally left me with a sheet of questions which I was to answer as an applicant. Now this was what I was waiting for. I had decided that, if that company wanted information about me, they should have it, and have the very best quality I could supply. So I spread the sheet of questions before me, and drew up a set of answers for them, which, I hoped, would settle for ever, all doubt as to my eligibility for insurance.

Question.—What is your age?

Answer.—I can't think.

Q.—What is your chest measurement?

A.—Nineteen inches.

Q.—What is your chest expansion?

A.—Half-an-inch.

Q.—What is your height?

A.—Six feet, five, if erect, but less when I walk on all fours.

Q.—Is your grandfather dead?

A.—Practically.

Q.—Cause of death, if dead?

A.—Dipsomania, if dead.

Q.—Is your father dead?

A.—To the world.

Q.—Cause of death?

A.—Hydrophobia.

Q.—Place of father's residence?

A.—Kentucky.

Q.—What illnesses have you had?

A.—As a child, consumption, leprosy and water on the knee. As a man, whooping cough, stomach ache, and water on the brain.

Q.—Have you any brothers?

A.—Nearly thirteen; all dead.

Q.—Any sisters?

A.—Thirteen; all nearly dead.

Q.—Are you aware of any habits or tendencies which might be expected to shorten your life?

A.—I am aware. I drink. I smoke. I take morphine and vaseline. I swallow grape seeds and I hate exercise.

I thought when I had come to the end of that list that I had made a dead sure thing of it, and I posted the paper with a cheque for three months payment, feeling pretty confident of having the cheque sent back to me. I was a good deal surprised a few days later to receive the following letter from the company:

DEAR SIR,—We beg to acknowledge your letter of application and cheque for fifteen dollars. After a careful comparison of your case with the average modern standard, we are pleased to accept you as a first-class risk.

*Stephen Leacock.*

## HOTEL LIFE.

*(By a Victim.)*

As a rule, the first person you strike when you enter a hotel—if he doesn't strike you first—is the clerk. After you get used to the clerk, you begin to wonder what he's for. As a matter of fact, you generally keep on wondering till the day you die. Even the flash of his diamond sheds no light on the subject.

The next thing to occupy your attention in a hotel is getting a room that isn't entirely out of sight in both price and altitude. As regards the latter difficulty you sometimes, I believe, succeed. As regards the former, you never do.

One advantage about hotel life is that you simply have to ring for anything you want. One disadvantage is that you can simply go on ringing all night without getting it. Still, you can always, of course, get out of the difficulty by not ringing in the first place. Another way is to ring your bell, say, for an hour or an hour and a half, and then suddenly burst downstairs and mistake somebody's neck for the aforementioned bell. But this is both exhaustive and expensive. Should, moreover, you get another guest (also on the quest) instead of your bell-boy or the clerk aforementioned, the whole thing is apt to become awkward in the extreme—especially for the guest. As I said before, the best plan is not to want anything if you can possibly avoid it; and if you can't avoid it, not on any account to ring for it—just go on wanting it till you strike something that you want so much more that it will enable you to forget all about the first thing you wanted. Under such circumstances you will find that hotel

life will become comparatively bearable. Under any other circumstances you might just as well try to live in a frying-pan—with a sharp fork to stir you up—and attempt to enjoy it.

In a hotel you simply pay so much a day for the whole thing while you stay, and so much more for extras when you leave. You can leave any time you like. Sometimes your trunks can do the same thing. Sometimes they can't. They generally can't. Before you get there, is as good a time as any to leave a hotel.

Meals at a hotel are very important. If you're laboring under the impression that nothing could be worse in point of cooking than the stuff you get, just give one of the waitresses a hundred dollars and ask her to drop a hint to the head cook to that effect. The result will surprise you. It will also procure you a collection of victuals that will give you quite a new idea as to what bad cooking really means.

But, after all, hotel life never becomes thoroughly interesting till there's a fire. It is then that the point of being up some six or seven storeys becomes what may not unjustly be termed a burning question. Of course, you'd be burned to death on the ground floor just the same as in the attic—people in a hotel always are, you know—but, oh, the difference between perishing snugly in your bed not a dozen feet from mother earth, and coming to a frantic and untimely end some two or three hundred feet further up, with your head sticking out of the window and the flames inside running up your nightgown like wild horses! Ugh! be warned in time!—get on the ground floor if it costs you a thousand dollars a day and you have to turn half-a-dozen kings and queens out on to the street to do it.

H. C. Boulbee.

#### A DISQUIETING INTERROGATION.

Whenever old Bob Walnut left his cabin in the mountains at the head of Sheep Creek for Rapid, he arrived with a frontier appetite for whisky which he spared no expense in attempting to drown. By way of interlude, his custom on these occasions was to buy corn at the general store and eat it with his sheath knife cold from the can. He had reached Rapid on one of his periodical jaunts, with his appetite, his dog and a wad, and had also reached the corn stage, and, seated on the counter with old Jeff at his feet, was attending to it. A young man, fresh from the Green Isle, looked on.

Bob drew his knife, opened the can, took a mouthful of corn on the point of the blade and swallowed it. The next mouthful went to Jeff. This was repeated several times. The picturesque personality of Mr. Walnut, with its effects in buckskin, fringe, long hair and deadly weapons, had attracted the attention of the Irishman from the first. But when the corn began, his eyes and cheeks bellied out

and his back stiffened to the packing case against which he leant with a bristling absorption. There were other idlers in the store. To them Bob was no novelty; the Irishman was. They watched him.

Presently old Bob stopped the knife halfway from the can to his mouth, and looking over at the Irishman said abruptly:

"Stranger, what countryman are you?"

"Oi'm from Oireland, sorr," replied the late-arrived.

"H—m," mused old Bob. "Funny. Just a year ago to-day I killed an Irishman."

Then he went on with his original style of feeding. He was no further annoyed by the too curious regard of a stranger. The Irishman had faded.

Bleasdel Cameron.

#### A CLEVER MAN.

"Remember Ez Simkins?" said my Uncle Redbarn as we sat on the stoop the other evening.

"Can't say I do."

"Now there was a man that was clever. He kep' that cigar store on what's the name street. He saw that store was to be rented, and he went down and sot on the steps of it for three days, from seven o'clock in the morning to seven o'clock at night. Counted the number of men as went by as he thought was smokers or chewers. Reckoned 'em out for three days he did. Then he calculated it up and took the store. It worked out to a charm. So many out of every hundred as went by came into his store and bought somf'n."

"But you needn't suppose he had any great variety when he started business. Just ten cent cigars and sold 'em for five. Not a thing else in the store. Why bless your heart, by the third week he was doing a roar-in' trade. Sold ten cent cigars straight along for five, and six for a quarter. At the end o' the three weeks he could sell five cent cigars for ten and ten centers for fifteen. As for his fives straight the public took 'em like lambs. Just the same when he took to selling plug terbacker. Got ten boxes of some with an outlandish name from somewheres down East, and just opened one of 'em. Fellers 'ud come in and ask for a plug, and he'd tell 'em it warn't for sale—it was special."

"Special eh?" they'd say, "and most of 'em 'ud take up a plug and smell it, and Ez 'ud say he was sorry he couldn't sell it 'em. Well that terbacker got to be the talk of the hull district. You bet when he began to sell it, which was in about a month, he sold a lot. That there terbacker's fortune was made. It warn't so extry good either. But if there was any falling off in the sale, he'd just stop selling a day or two, and you should have seen his customers beg for it. Mankind likes what they can't get. That's more nor quality to 'em."

Hiram Gates.

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THE BERRY PICKERS.